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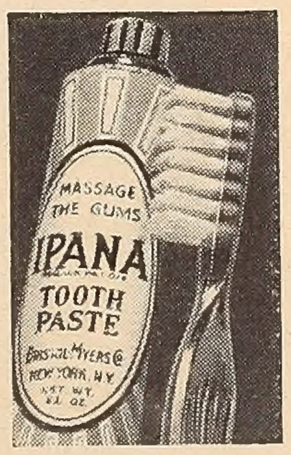

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REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

OCTOBER, 1940

VOLUME TEN
NUMBER TWELVE

THE NEW AND BIGGER! Silver Screen

LESTER C. GRADY
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON *Western Editor* · GENE LESTER *Staff Photographer* · FRANK J. CARROLL *Art Director*

The Opening Chorus

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

The most talked about young actress in Hollywood this month is Ida Lupino who wrapped up that grand Warner Brothers' picture, "They Drive by Night," in a neat little package and took it home, despite the fact that George Raft, Ann Sheridan and Humphrey Bogart gave out with perfect performances. They are calling Ida the "new Bette Davis" and saying, "My, my, how she has improved." As a matter of fact, she hasn't improved at all, she could have played the neurotic Lana six years ago, but no one would ever give her a crack at a dramatic role. After eight years (*and let that give hope to the frustrated thespians*) of being on and off the screen in Hollywood, and kicked about something awful by half-witted producers, Ida at last gets the "break"—and her friends couldn't be happier.

So, when Ida and Louis Hayward threw a party on a recent Saturday night for Glenn Anders of "The Skylark" cast and Van Heflin of "The Philadelphia Story" cast (*Ida and Louis love "theatre" people*), I couldn't wait to get myself up to their hill-top home and join in with the adulators. The party was held in her brand new "play room," which is quite the nicest play room in Hollywood, and is done in the Old English manner with a roomy bar, a rambling stone fireplace, and old prints, old mugs, and old guns all over the place. The house itself is small, but very comfortable and chintzy, with flowers in profusion in all the rooms —Ida being one of those people with a passion for flowers. She even wears a clip on her shoulder which holds water —the idea being that she can wear flowers in it and keep them fresh. Ida and Louis saw the house one evening when they were "killing time" on the way to a party. They liked the view, and the agent, so they bought the house that night. When they moved in they discovered that it didn't have a dining room. Slightly cracked, those Haywards, but a hell of a lot of fun.

I was terribly interested in the old mugs (*not the guests*), and talking a mile a minute Ida told me how she had picked them up in various junk shops. Ida has all the luck. I never find anything but junk in junk shops. "Remember when we first met?" Ida asked suddenly. I did. It was about nine years ago when Ida, little more than a baby, but looking older than she does now, arrived in Hollywood to make a test for "Alice in Wonderland." The casting director took one look at her heavily mascaraed eyes, her "touched" hair, and her high heels (*at that early age Ida had her own ideas on what Hollywood actresses should look like*) and said, "Alice? No. If we ever make 'The Light That Failed' we'll let you know." Strangely enough, they did.

Liza

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V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
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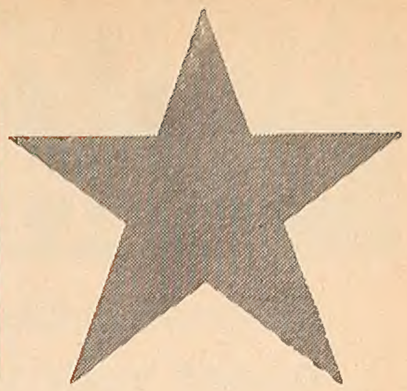

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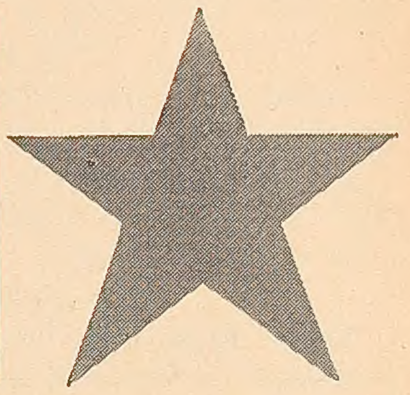
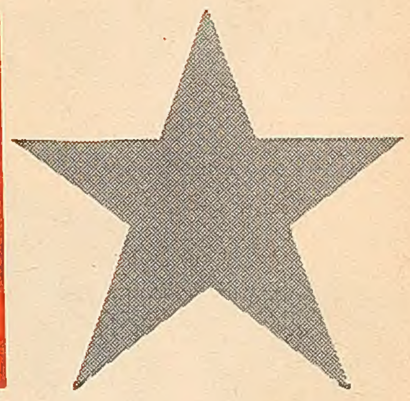


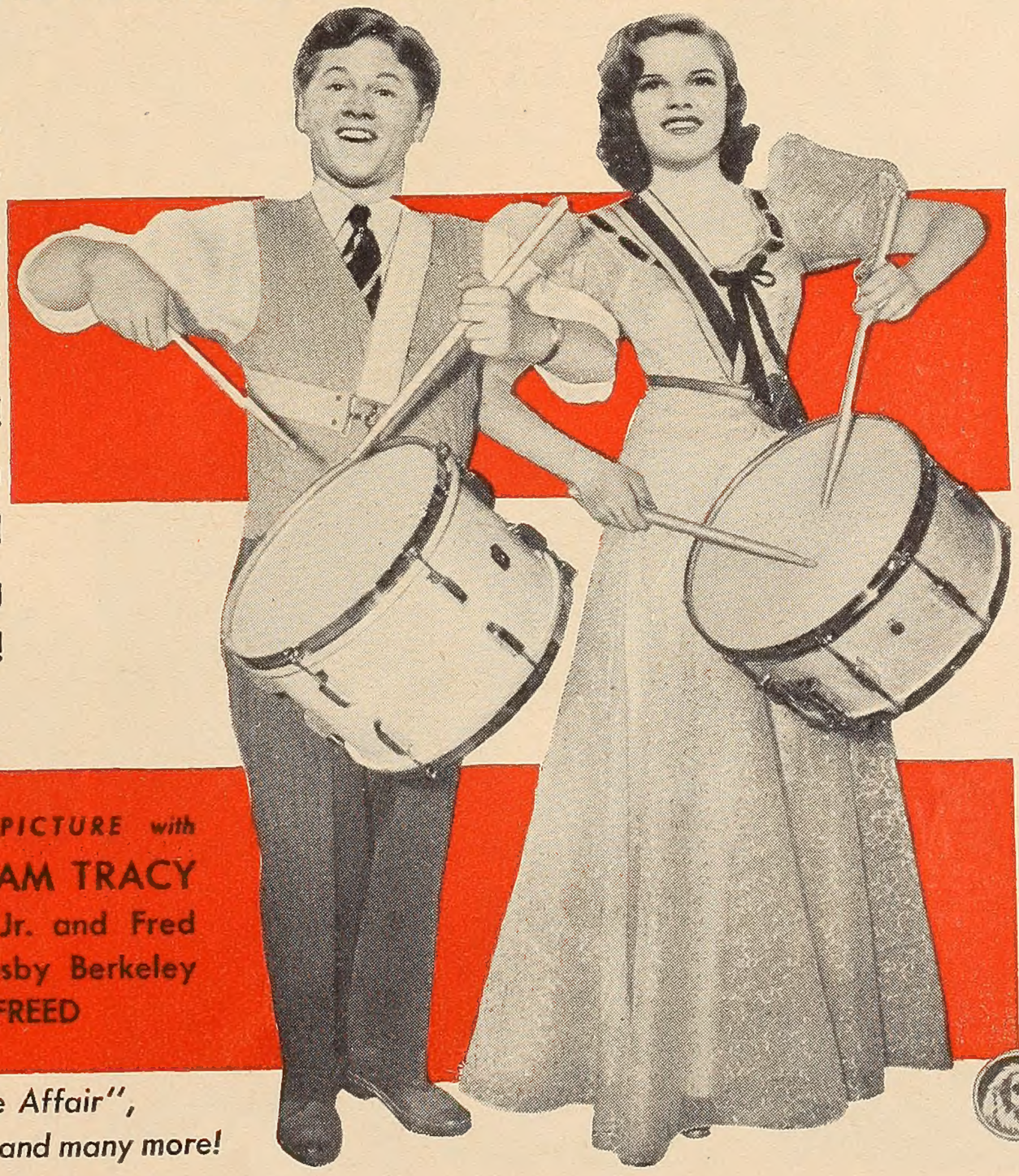
The Merriest Pair on The Screen in a Great Musical Show!

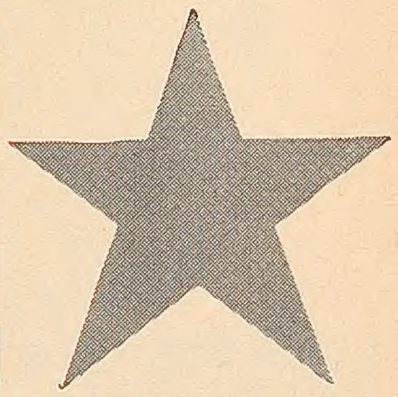
"STRIKE UP THE BAND"



with **PAUL WHITEMAN and ORCHESTRA**

Mickey's marvelous! Judy's a joy! If you thought they reached the top of the entertainment heap in "Babes in Arms", wait till you see them go over the top now! With catchy songs and a screenful of howls and a grand heart-warming story! What a show, folks!





A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE with
JUNE PREISSER • WILLIAM TRACY
Screen Play by John Monks, Jr. and Fred Finklehoffe • Directed by Busby Berkeley
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Great Song Hits: "Our Love Affair", "Strike Up the Band", "Nobody" and many more!

Hollywood Earfuls

Current whisperings about your favorites

THE Barbara Hutton romance with Cary Grant looks as if it will head for the altar the minute Barbara can get her Danish divorce complications unraveled. In the meantime, she is taking tennis lessons so she can give Cary a good game.

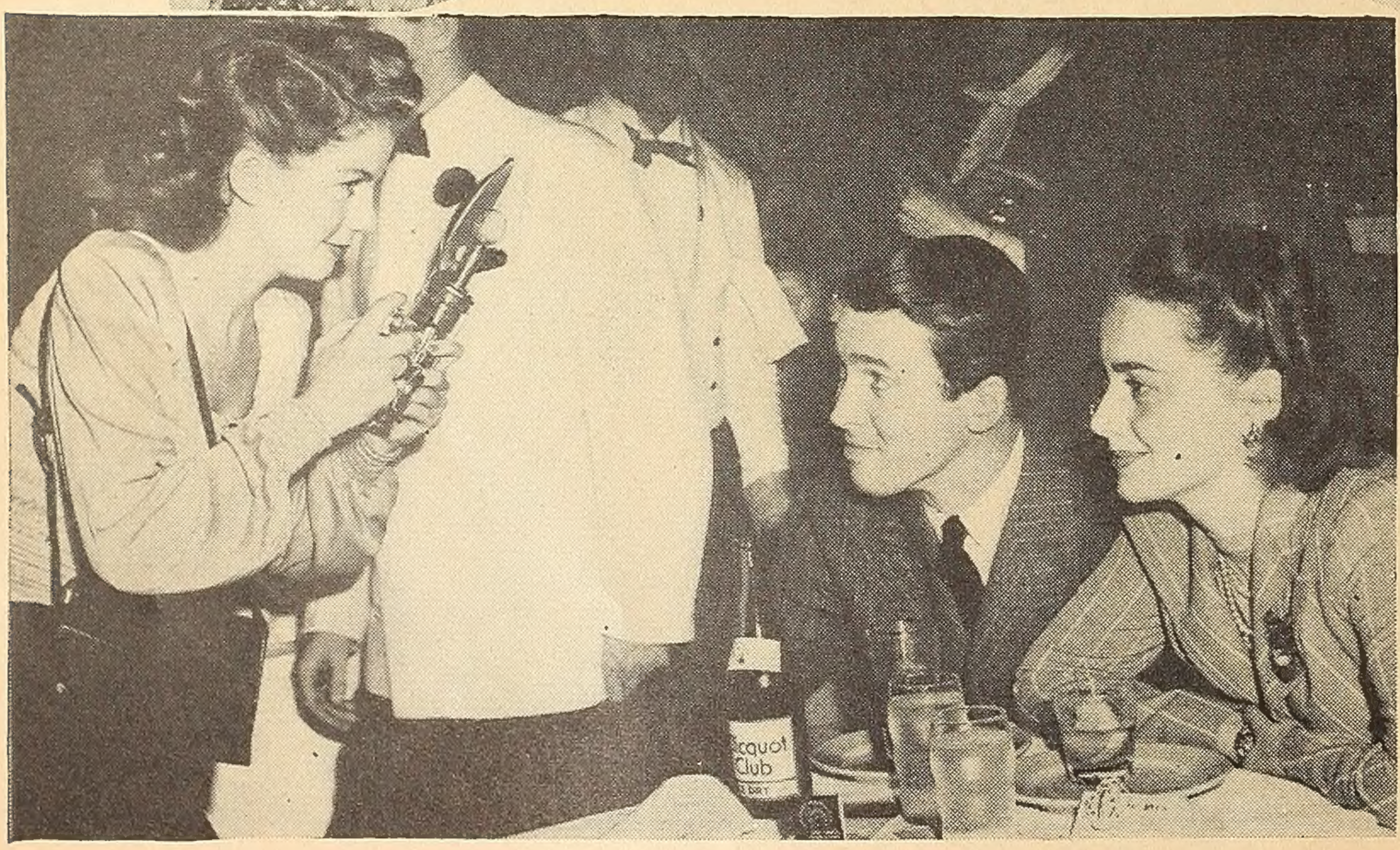
Dave Rose has been telling people that he is going to marry Judy Garland just as soon as his divorce from Martha Raye is final. Oh no, Judy, Metro won't like.

Since Hedy Lamarr called off her marriage to Gene Markey everyone has been wondering if she'll take up with Reggie Gardiner where she left off. After a serious interlude with Frances Robinson, Reggie is now very much whole heart and fancy free.

Mickey Rooney is not superstitious, but—

Coming out [*Continued on page* 14]

Above: Carole (*"Turnabout"*) Landis, who recently married socialite Willis Hunt, has just finished "Mystery Sea Raider" for Paramount. *Left:* Rosemary Lane sticks her tongue out at Buddy Westmore who refused to pose with her because he needed a shave. *Below:* Silver Screen's Glamour-Camera-Girl, Virginia Berquist, catches Jimmy Stewart and Olivia de Havilland at Earl Carroll's. *Below right:* Georgie Jessel and his wife, Lois Andrews, who's now with Paramount. *Right:* Marjorie Woodworth, RKO starlet, has a date with handsome Victor Mature at the delightful Brown Derby.



Fan QUIZ!

QUESTION

1 In what picture does Bing Crosby croon "That's for Me" to a lovely lady who used to admit publicly that her "Heart Belongs to Daddy?"

2 Who are known as "the most happily married couple in Hollywood?" And in what romantic comedy do they play the roles of very quarrelsome but very loving newlyweds?

3 What nationally known screen and radio character has a new girl, not to mention a new pal who is a terrific scene stealer?

4 What girl is fortunate enough in what moving picture version of a Joseph Conrad masterpiece to spend a week alone on a South Sea Island with Fredric March?

5 Who is the lovely English-born beauty who steals Fred MacMurray's heart in the big new outdoors adventure picture directed by Sam ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Our Town") Wood. And what Daughter of the Dust Bowl makes news by playing a terrific kid role in the same picture?

ANSWER...

1 Bing Crosby sings "That's for Me" to Mary Martin in Paramount's "Rhythm on the River," the big streamlined musical which also stars Basil Rathbone, with Oscar Levant.

2 Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, of course, the stars of Paramount's "I Want a Divorce," the picture Hollywood is raving about as setting Joan and Dick firmly on the comeback trail

3 Henry Aldrich, America's new Peck's Bad Boy, played by Jackie Cooper, has Boston and Broadway's cute little Leila Ernst, success of "Too Many Girls" for a girl friend, and Eddie Bracken, also a star of the same New York hit show, as his pal in "Life With Henry" starring the Aldrich Family.

4 Fredric March in Paramount's all-star production of Joseph Conrad's immortal "Victory" welcomes Betty Field to his private island paradise in the South Seas and starts a thrilling series of romantic adventures in which Sir Cedric Hardwicke and other famous name players play exciting parts.

5 Patricia Morison corrals the hard-boiled heart of Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune," the Sam Wood action adventure drama of three rough, tough sons of the Old Border Country, "Rangers of Fortune." Betty Brewer, the little Okie kid, discovered singing on the Los Angeles streets, makes her film bow in this picture.

THE ANSWER TO YOUR EVERY DESIRE IN FINE ENTERTAINMENT...

Paramount Pictures!

Tips on Pictures

The ones to see and the ones to miss!

Brenda Marshall and dashing Errol Flynn in "The Sea Hawk," a lavish and spectacular production which is entertainment not to be missed.

Right: Judy Canova, pictured with Eddie Foy, Jr., returns to the screen in "Scatterbrain," and will have you howling plenty.

ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE (*M-G-M*)—This family series improves with age, the current offering being the most enjoyable of all. Mickey Rooney, boastful as usual, insists he can be photographed with the No. 1 Debutante of the country (*Diana Lewis*). It's not so easy. But had it been otherwise, there wouldn't have been half as much fun. Lewis Stone, Judy Garland, Ann Rutherford, Fay Holden and Cecilia Parker all help in making it well-above-average filmfare.

BLONDIE HAS SERVANT TROUBLE (*Columbia*)—Another family series which continues to be popular, thanks to amusing, well-played scripts. The title of this is somewhat misleading because it has to do with Blondie and Dagwood spending a vacation in a haunted house. When Dagwood (*Arthur Lake*) asks his boss for a raise because Blondie (*Penny Singleton*) wants a servant, the boss says no, but fixes it for them to live in a house with two servants. It doesn't take them long to find out it's haunted.

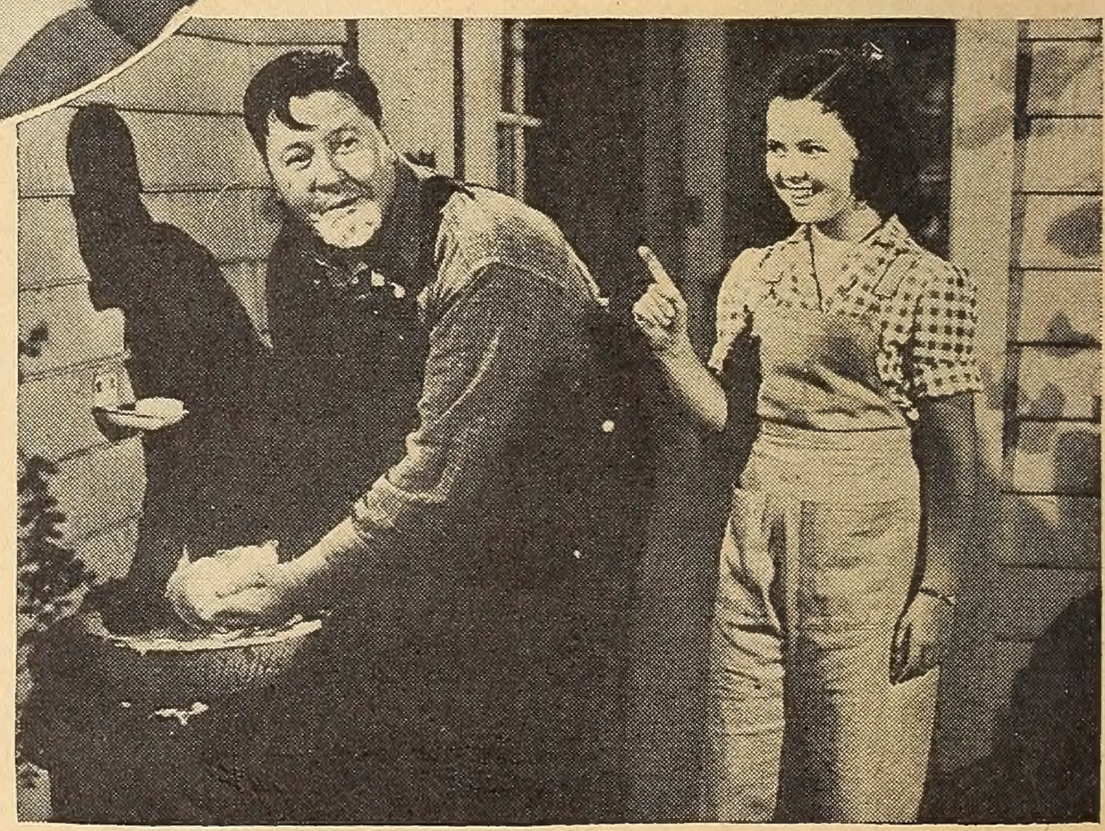
BOYS FROM SYRACUSE (*Universal*)—The highlight of this musical comedy is Allan Jones singing a duet with himself. He plays twin brothers. Joe Penner also plays a dual role. Martha Raye and Irene Hervey have the feminine leads. It has its moments, but they're too few, despite a capable cast of supporting comics—Charlie Butterworth, Alan Mowbray and Eric Blore.

GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY (*Republic*)—An exciting melodrama of Alaska with Chester Morris as a young doctor who has gone there to make people believe that his father, also a doctor, did not commit suicide, but was killed by him. Charles Bickford, and Jane Wyatt, as an officer and nurse, have outstanding roles.

GIRLS OF THE ROAD (*Columbia*)—This probably sounds like a particularly sexy film, but it's far from it. The in-

[*Continued on page* 16]

Left: Martha Raye and Joe Penner take excellent care of the comedy in Universal's "The Boys From Syracuse."



Right: Shirley Temple, with comic Jack Oakie, in "Young People," her last picture for Twentieth Century-Fox.

SOON

Norman
Reilly
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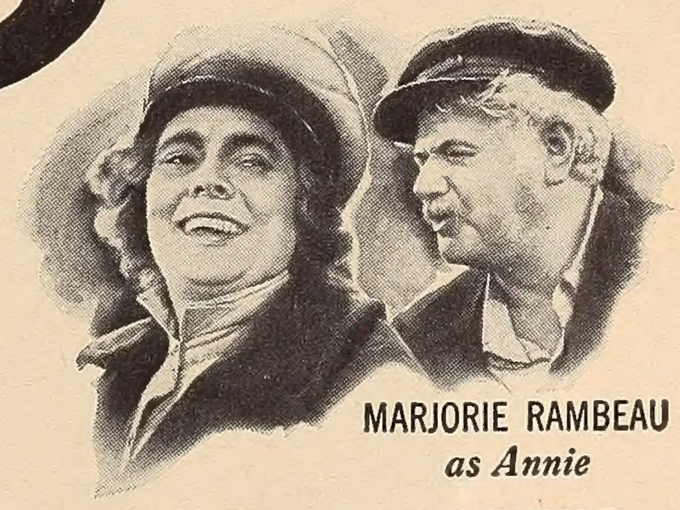
'Tugboat Annie Sails Again'

It's the happiest new-hit news in an age!
...And the happiest WARNER BROS. hit of all!
Just wait till you see it!



MARJORIE RAMBEAU
as Annie

ALAN HALE
as Bullwinkle

Checking On Their Comments

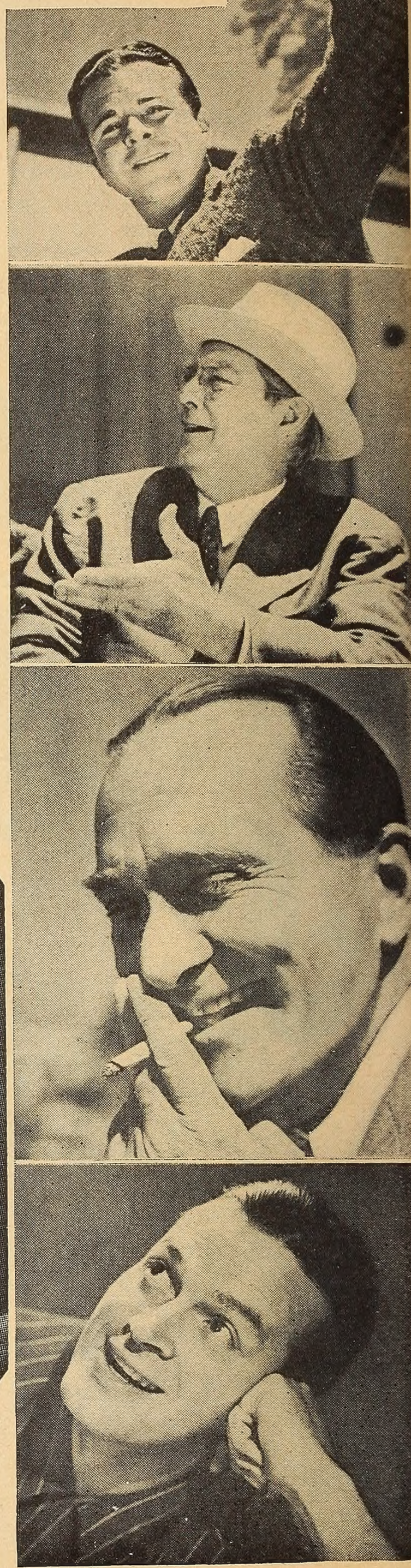
By Frederick James Smith

Often the stars say one thing and really mean another, so let's probe and learn the truth

THESE Barrymores are picturesque mimes. A question to Jack will bring you any little intimate detail about his personal life that you may want. Ask Lionel and he will devote his comment to boosting someone else. I asked Lionel what he thought of the 1940 films as compared to the silent pictures of 1909 and 1910 when he started performing before the cameras. And he turned the whole reply into a eulogy of Clark Gable. Here it is:

"I am often asked whether or not the motion picture has improved. There is only one answer to that. Nothing stands still. It must either go forward or backward. It has been my great privilege to watch and appear in pictures from the infancy of the business. Out of all my experiences, I think the one I have enjoyed most has been the success of Clark Gable. Gable's career, in a very real sense, is an indication of how the screen has progressed. I first knew Clark when he was a struggling young actor, appearing on the stage with me in 'The Copperhead.' Between times he was doing extra work in pictures. In 1932 I played with him in 'A Free Soul,' the picture that made him a star. Now he has become one of the truly all-time favorites of the screen. Gable, more than any other star in the business, exemplifies the progress of the screen. When I first knew Clark, the screen was just beginning to find itself. Now it is a mature screen, willing to tackle mature and important subjects. I hope to be a part of it for a long time, because the motion picture never has been doing a better job of entertaining."

Of course, the screen has grown in maturity. Every now and then the films do an astonishing, intelligent, fine thing. The run-of-the-basket pictures move along at low ebb, technically far better than the best of anything of the past, but really celluloid tripe. Yet the screen, as Lionel points out, has become a finer thing. And Barrymore actually personifies the whole development of the motion picture. Can you remember him in the pioneer D. W. Griffith pictures, later in such movie landmarks as "Grand Hotel," "Dinner at



Top to bottom: **Dick Powell; Lionel Barrymore; Lynne Overman; and Bob Hope.** ***Below:*** **Greer Garson. All have views to express which call for a little checking up, just to see if they're really sincere about what they have to say. For example, Lynne says, "I hate playing good, upright citizens."**

GOOD BYE DANDRUFF SYMPTOMS!

Soothing Listerine Treatment gives hair and scalp antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff

If infectious dandruff has got you in its grip . . . if you are constantly embarrassed by all the ugly, distressing symptoms of this stubborn disease—the humiliating flakes and scales, the itching, or even inflammation . . . here's news—*grand news!*

Listerine kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff—an all too common form of this scalp condition. It destroys, on contact, countless numbers of these tiny, almost invisible parasites, including the queer "bottle bacillus," called Pityrosporum Ovale, which outstanding specialists recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

First Listerine treats hair and scalp to a cooling, soothing antiseptic bath. The scalp tingles and glows, ugly flakes and scales begin to go . . . inflammation and itching are alleviated. Then Listerine Antiseptic gets to work on the germs themselves. In test after test, in laboratory and clinic, Listerine Antiseptic's germicidal action brought amazingly quick results.

Improvement in 76% of Test Cases

When rabbits were inoculated with Pityrosporum Ovale in laboratory research, they quickly developed the usual dandruff symptoms. Within 14 days, on the average, these symptoms disappeared when Listerine Antiseptic was applied daily to the affected areas.

Clinical tests on men and women who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day brought even more impressive results. In one series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days. So, if you have the slightest sign of a dandruff condition, do not neglect what may be a real infection.

THE TREATMENT

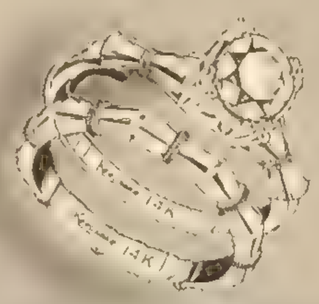
MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

Start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Neglect may aggravate the symptoms. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE . . . THE MEDICAL TREATMENT THOUSANDS EMPLOY!

"Oh! Darling it's lovely!"



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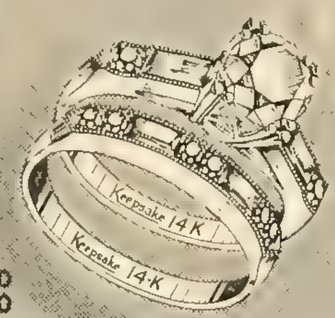

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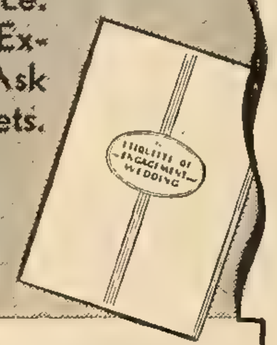

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Eight," "David Copperfield" and "Captains Courageous"? A grand old trouper —and he has our hearty cheers.

LYNNE OVERMAN says this is the day of the character actor and calls upon you to witness the great success of Spencer Tracy. True, Tracy's appearance in "Edison the Man" as the great inventor was, as Overman points out, "just the love affair of Edison and an incandescent bulb," but you get the drift of his argument. Overman ought to know. He has been six years in Hollywood, has been one of Hollywood's stalwarts in character roles. Says he—

"I like doing character stuff—and it's fortunate that I do. It gives me a nice salary for falling apart gracefully and I'm very grateful, as I should be. I've passed the time when I can play college boys and everytime I think about it I drop down on my knees and thank God for the motion picture.

"So I go kicking along, doing the best I can. Just finished playing an old Scotch guide in Technicolor and a heather burr for Cecil DeMille in 'North West Mounted Police.' DeMille is wonderful to work for, if you know your business. His films are an actor's paradise. He never handcuffs you. He lets you develop your role.

"The most important thing for an actor? A level head. It takes you miles further than talent. Personally, I hate playing good, honest, upright citizens. Let me do the good-for-nothing pal. He'll have color. You'll remember him. You always forget the good boy with the perfectly nice intentions."

There's considerable to Overman's theory. This is the era of character acting in films. Think back over the year. Whose are the performances you best remember? The Overmans, the Donlevys and the Brennans are the boys who carry the ball for old Hollywood these days.

BRIAN DONLEVY has just had one of those splendid character opportunities—in "The Great McGinty"—of an unlettered thug off the breadline who gets all the way to the governor's seat, pushed along by crooked politics. Then his wife persuades him to go straight and three weeks after the smoke of his regeneration clears he is down and out in a banana republic in the tropics, a fugitive from justice. McGinty just isn't built for virtue. And Brian is immense in the part. Here is what Donlevy complains about:

"If there were a character players' guild, I am confident that one of the first things we would selfishly deplore, in the preamble to a bill of rights, would be the way in which our talents are used to make the romantic leads—the handsome boy and the pretty girl—look good.

"Does it occur to you that we character people, as my good friend, J. Carrol Naish, is wont to point out, often are used in scenes preliminary to the entrance of the hero or heroine? That we comment upon the splendid virtues of the romantic principals, paving the way for them to come into the scene then and take the bows we've built up for them? Well, we do, and more than most people realize.

"We character players are the blocking halfbacks who open the way for the romantic leads whose names go at the top of the list on the scoreboard. And glad to do it, for the recognition that does come our way from discerning folks.

"It is my opinion that there is a widespread misconception on the part of a large part of the show-going public about the supposed sinecure that character players enjoy. Whenever a character player shines in a role, there is an inclination to discount the merit of the performance as being in a character part, and therefore foolproof."

Personally, I'm tempted to think that the character actor has it fairly easy. He hasn't got to worry about looks, weight, those bags under those eyes, recovering that lost athletic snap in his walk, none of those earthy problems concern him. All he has to do is act. Remember, too, that romantic leads come and go, but the character man goes on forever.

DICK POWELL is going to act—or else. That's one of the reasons you did not see him for over a year in films. He wouldn't appear in another musical. Then he got his chance minus songs in "I Want a Divorce" and did very nicely with it, thank you. Says Dick:

"I'm through with musical 'clambakes' for good. I doubt if I ever will sing in a picture again. Ever since I came to Hollywood, more than four years ago, I've been the gay young blade singing the light little ditty in the musical film. In 'I Want a Divorce' I don't sing a bar of music and I have found that sustaining a dramatic role throughout a picture, with comedy relief tossed in now and then, actually is easier than 'clambake' leads, with the musical numbers dragged in by the heels.

"I have turned down ten musical films in the last fourteen months. If I can't get solid parts in believable stories I won't make a picture again."

I'm afraid I'm one who believes that film musicals have their place. They are pleasant and little or no strain on the cerebrum. Maybe I think there are too many actors now who ought to be singing, or something. Still, what of it? I rather admire Dick Powell for his courage in sticking it out. So, if Dick says *(as he does)* "I'm like the lion that got his first taste of meat, no more musical tuna and milk for me," I'm with him.

GREER GARSON, who was so good in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," turns in another outstanding performance in "Pride and Prejudice." The Irish gal can act—and no mistake. That's why I asked her why she liked being an actress. Here is her reply:

"This may sound odd to most people, but one of the many reasons why I enjoy being an actress is the fact that life is too short. There is so much to do and see and so little time in which to do it. I think all of us often have thought how interesting it would be to live in a differ-

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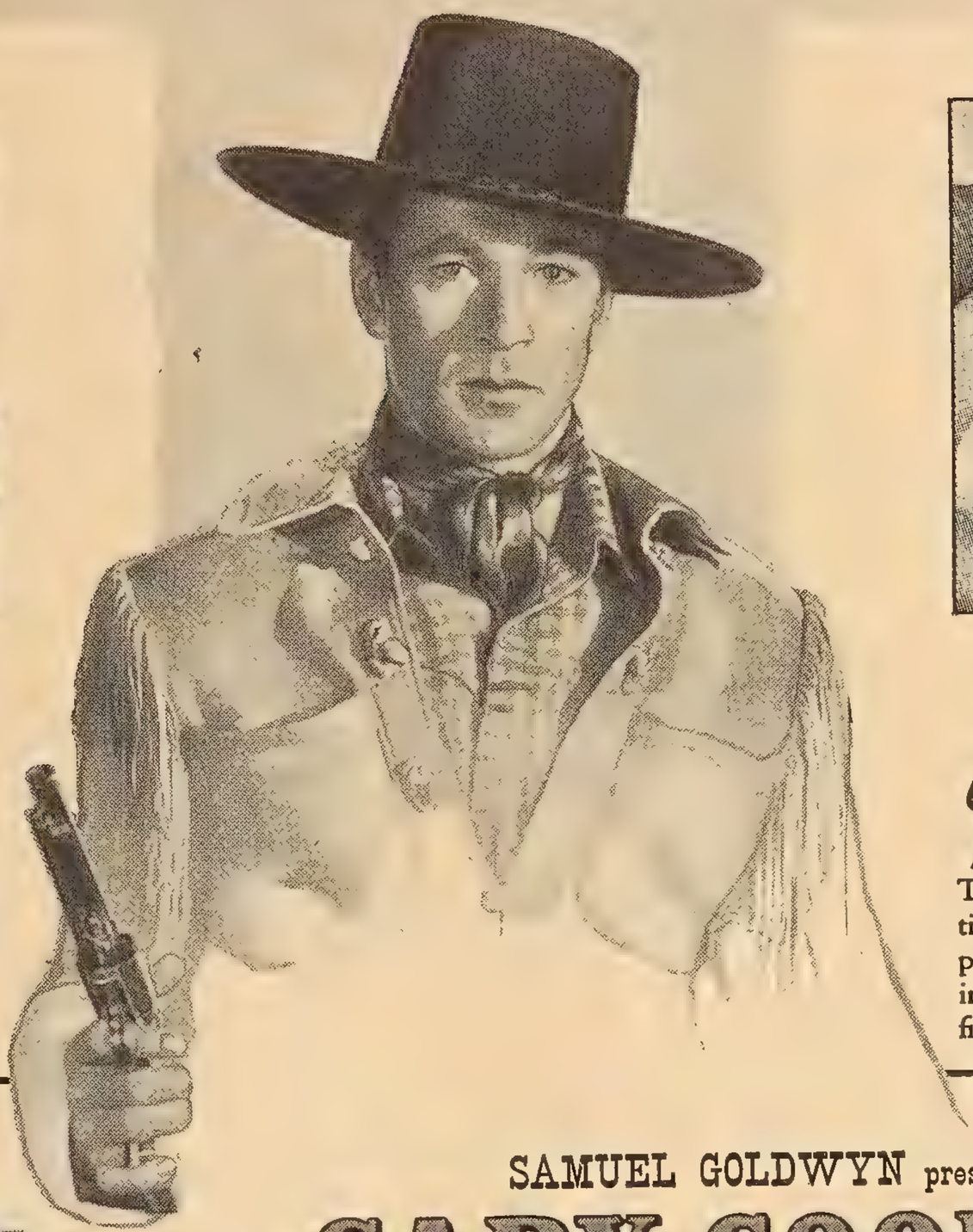

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ent age and time. An actress, at least in a sense, can do that, by actually reliving interesting lives and periods. There is no restriction to the material from which the motion picture can draw. I do not say that actors actually 'live' their roles on the screen, but in the settings and costumes of a picture, whether modern or costume, which today are recreated with such authenticity and thoroughness, you do have a feeling of stepping out of one world into another. That is really what an actress does—and I wouldn't want to be anything but an actress."

All that is true. A Hollywood actress has a lot—real and unreal—crowded into her span of existence. Hollywood certainly gives its inhabitants action. Greer has had her taste of it at low ebb in a better-be-forgotten-right-away film called "Remember." She twice has tasted the best it has to give. Two great breaks in a span of three years. Lucky gal, Greer.

I HAD sort of figured that comedians had a tough time in the talkies, that the fine front line comics such as the thoroughly likeable Harold Lloyd have faded, that the screen wasn't developing any new talent. But Bob Hope sets me right, pointing out the long careers of W. C. Fields, the Marx Brothers, Joe E. Brown, Jack Oakie, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor and the rest. Says Bob:

"The fact that motion pictures haven't developed any comedians isn't any reflection on the business itself. To speak seriously for a moment, you know that the art of timing is a comedian's greatest asset. Without timing, gags and laugh lines are completely spoiled. And to learn timing, you've got to work with an audience. All of the top screen comedians of the day came out of vaudeville. The new ones—the Eddie Brackens, Ezra Stones and the like—will come out of night clubs and radio, that is, radio shows that work with an audience, and from the legitimate theatre.

"There is no opportunity to learn timing when your audience is a camera, completely surrounded by fifty or sixty workmen who aren't allowed to laugh because it would spoil a take.

"Further, statistics indicate that comedians last as long, or longer, in pictures than anybody else. This proves that either the public or the statistics are wrong. And also indicates that either the comedians, or their jokes, are ageless. Or maybe it should be 'and' jokes."

So Hope concedes there's a chance for "a handsome, youthful, magnetic personality like myself, as long as I've got a good staff of writers."

Anyway, Hope has turned in a surprise hit with "The Ghost Breakers," apparently suddenly stepped into the front rank of boxoffice draws. Heaven knows, we need laughs these days. The distance between two chuckles has been growing longer and longer, with the blitzkrieg liable to turn the flank of either chuckle any day.

Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 6]

of a projection room recently he found that painters had placed a ladder from the pavement to the balcony, from which the staircase led downward, in such a manner that the stairs ran under the ladder. So Master Rooney climbed down the ladder, rather than take the stairs going under it, much to the delight of a crowd of tourists who were being shown around the studio at the time.

"Times like these are no times to walk under ladders," Mickey announced to the visiting firemen.

Not content to sit down now and rest on the laurels currently being heaped upon her following her sensational job in "They Drive By Night," Ida Lupino is busy as a bee in her spare time helping young newcomers who have not yet achieved their big break. A room in her home is devoted to "the work shop." Here her young friends gather regularly and work conscientiously on play recordings which Ida not only writes and directs, but into which she also works the musical backgrounds. The finished product is a very good wax audition for her ambitious cohorts who submit them for radio purposes as well as pictures.

Jeanette MacDonald is sporting a gold aviation pin. It was given her by Gene Raymond, who now only lacks ten hours more in the air before he receives his full pilot's license. Gene recently completed a cross-country flight.

When Lucille Ball met Desi Arnaz, who appeared in "Too Many Girls," on Broadway, and was brought to Hollywood for the movie version, she completely called off her romance with Director Al Hall. Desi arrived in Hollywood with the reputation of being the best conga dancer on Broadway. He now has the reputation of being the best conga dancer in Hollywood. But Lucille had better look out—the fascinating Desi has the reputation also of being a ladies' man.

Ray Milland is telling his friends that co-starring with Claudette Colbert in "Arise My Love" is an education in the technique of acting. Ray says that Claudette has the best "timing" of any actress he has ever played with, and knows more about acting than any twenty Glamour Girls. "When I play a scene with Claudette," says Ray, "I'm so intrigued watching her that I forget to act."

Ann Sheridan has changed her hairdress. She got tired of wearing it loose and fluffy in a long bob and is now wearing it tight to her head in a chignon.

If you want to hear the RKO studio go into raves just mention the name of Maureen O'Hara. To help out the publicity department she stayed in the gallery at the studio from two o'clock Saturday afternoon until two o'clock Sunday morning taking publicity pictures. Week-ends are sacred to most stars.

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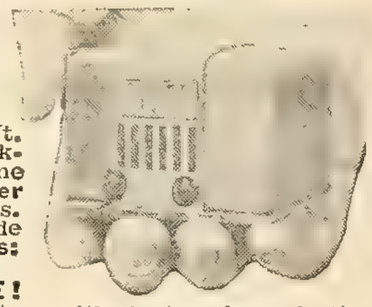

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Tips on Pictures

[Continued from page 8]

offensive script is believably written and Director Nick Grinde, with a capable cast including Ann Dvorak, Helen Mack, Lola Lane and Ann Doran, forcefully drives home the plight which awaits girls who decide to take to the road.

GOLD RUSH MAISIE (*M-G-M*)—Ann Sothern, continuing in this excellent series, is on her way to a job when she gets stranded in a ghost town in the Arizona desert which suddenly comes to life because of an overnight gold strike. Lee Bowman is a young rancher who turns out to be an iceberg in human form. But Ann thaws him out. The story isn't too good, but Ann, as usual, is marvelous.

GRAND OLE OPRY (*Republic*)—Obviously, this was not made for big city consumption. It's basically rural entertainment, with more hill-billy entertainers in it than you shake a stick at. But it's durned good hayseed hilarity. Featured are the Weaver Brothers and Elviry and a whole host of rustic radio favorites.

HOT STEEL (*Universal*)—Richard Arlen and Andy Devine are a couple of steel workers in this lively melodrama, with Richard working out a formula for better steel that is stolen. A murder follows and Dick is accused. But thanks to Andy the truth comes out and all ends well. Peggy Moran and Anne Nagel have the leading feminine roles.

LAMBETH WALK (*M-G-M*)—It seems a little late to be bringing this one over from England since it is based on the dance which hit its peak over a year ago. Nevertheless, as musical comedies go, it's amusing and when it was made American audiences must have been kept in mind. Lupino Lane heads the cast, playing a race track tout who inherits a fortune.

MAN WHO TALKED TOO MUCH (*Warners*)—George Brent, an assistant district attorney, is responsible for a man getting the chair and then finds out the man was innocent. So George decides to spend the rest of his legal career defending criminals. He's doing it successfully, thanks to shady tricks, until his young brother, Bill Lundigan, tries to get him to go straight. Then the excitement starts. Virginia Bruce and Richard Barthelmess have important assignments and handle them expertly.

MARYLAND (*20th Century-Fox*)—The story is built around a Steeplechase classic, known as the Maryland Hunt Cup Race. It's all done in Technicolor, which, of course, is always beautiful if your seat isn't too far back. If it is, it's a hindrance rather than a help, because the film seems blurred. Fay Bainter, Walter Brennan, John Payne and Brenda Joyce head the cast, but it's Ben Carter, a negro comic, who wins the laurels.

OUT WEST WITH THE PEPPERS (*Columbia*)—Most interesting part of this otherwise dull picture is the rescue of children from a raft in a treacherous river. This series about the Peppers needs considerable improvement.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (*M-G-M*)—A costume picture, true enough, but don't let that frighten you away from one of the year's outstanding performances, contributed by Greer Garson. She's one of five daughters of a 19th Century English family whose mother, Mary Boland, is determined they'll all get husbands. The other girls are Maureen O'Sullivan, Ann Rutherford, Marsha Hunt and Heather Angel. Also in the cast, most prominently, too, is Laurence Olivier. A picture not to be missed.

SAILOR'S LADY (*20th Century-Fox*)—Rather disappointing because of a stupid script, and thoughtless direction. Jon Hall is the sailor and Nancy Kelly the lady. They're a young couple who want to get married and have great difficulty doing so. There's a kid star, Bruce Hampton, who's amusing to watch, but the rest of the cast is uninspiring.

SCATTERBRAIN (*Republic*) — Judy Canova, queen of the hill-billies, triumphantly returns to the screen in this rollicking comedy of Hollywood and a director who signs the wrong person for a lead in a picture and then tries to get her out of it until he realizes she's far better than the right girl. Alan Mowbray is ideal as the director. Ruth Donnelly and Eddie Foy, Jr., are among Judy's supporting players. Long live the queen!

SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO (*United Artists*)—A colorful and exciting story of pearl diving in the South Seas with Jon Hall, Frances Farmer, Victor McLaglen and Olympe Bradna in the leading roles. McLaglen heads a group of pearl thieves, while Hall is head of the natives who finally rebel and give the thugs what's coming to them. The photography is a treat for the eyes, as is Olympe.

SPORTING BLOOD (*M-G-M*)—An interesting story of Virginia horse racing and of a reawakened feud between two old Southern families with a fine cast including Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lewis Stone, William Gargan and Lynne Carver. It's the best racing story to come along this year.

THE MAN I MARRIED (*20th Century-Fox*)—In its original form this was called "I Married A Nazi." It concerns a German-born husband who returns for a visit to his homeland with his American wife and is so impressed with Hitler's activities he decides to remain much to the displeasure of his wife and eventually his own. Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer have the leads, with Lloyd Nolan, Otto Kruger and Anna Sten lending the main support.

Director William Keighley of "No Time For Comedy," co-starring James Stewart and Rosalind Russell, greeted Genevieve Tobin with a kiss every time she reported for work. But no wonder—he's her husband!

THE SEA HAWK *(Warners)*—A magnificently produced spectacle with Errol Flynn in the type of role he's best suited for—that of a dashing, adventurous pirate in the service of his queen, who happens to be Flora Robson. Brenda Marshall is the girl who pirates his heart without much difficulty. Claude Rains and Alan Hale are standouts in the huge supporting cast. This, too, is a picture not to be missed.

THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT *(Warners)*—For many reasons, you couldn't ask for better entertainment than this compelling yarn of truck drivers. Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, Humphrey Bogart and Alan Hale are the first five reasons. The story, direction and photography are three more. Ida Lupino, incidentally, steals the picture, despite flawless performing by all the others in the cast.

VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER *(RKO)*—Remember a while back, when they revived some of the old-time melodramas for the stage and served beer at the performances and encouraged the audience to hiss and cheer? Well, here's the same idea for movies, except no beer will be served. Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray, Richard Cromwell and Buster Keaton are in it and needless to say overact all over the place.

WE WHO ARE YOUNG *(M-G-M)*—A touching little story of a young married couple and the hard time they have getting a foothold in life. Lana Turner and John Shelton are splendid in the leading roles, with Lana leaving aside her charms temporarily to show that she really can act when she wants to. Gene Lockhart, Grant Mitchell and Henry Armetta are also in the cast.

YOUNG PEOPLE *(20th Century-Fox)*—Shirley Temple's swan song for 20th Century-Fox and none too good a swan song at that, despite Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood to lend a hand. It's a combination of backstage and rural atmosphere, with the trio, as vaudevillians, finally retiring to the easy farm life. But it isn't so easy, they soon find out, especially overcoming the prejudices some people have for show folk.

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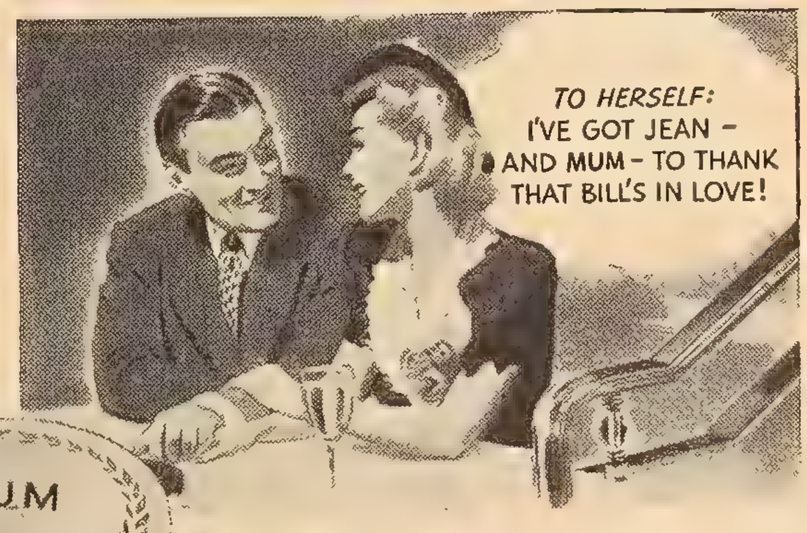

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and DEAN JAGGER as Brigham Young
Directed by Henry Hathaway
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
A Twentieth Century-Fox Picture

irector Dorothy Arzner talks ings over with Lucille Ball uring "Dance, Girl, Dance."

Clark Gable has at last found a place where he isn't bothered by autograph-hunters. He and Carole have been planning to buy a cattle ranch, so while Carole was away on her location trip, Clark drove over to Arizona to take a look around. He says that no one between the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest paid the slightest attention to him. He is wavering between two ranches near Holbrook, one of which he expects to buy. He expects to keep a herd of five hundred cattle on the ranch, and he and Carole have arranged their picture schedules so that they can spend September, October and November of each year on the ranch.

Shirley Temple, who is expected to sign a contract with Producer Joe Pasternak, the wonder man of the Universal Studios, was visiting the studio the other day and asked to be taken on the Deanna Durbin set. When the "take" was over Deanna took Shirley to her dressing room and ordered sodas for both of them. "I didn't know it was so much fun watching pictures being made," Shirley confided to Deanna. "It's fun to sit behind the cameras and not have to worry about anything."

Margaret Lindsay is one gal in Hollywood who always has lived [*Continued on page 70*]

Frances Farmer apparently feels there's nothing better for relaxation than a comfortable position as she chats with Pat O'Brien and Cliff Edwards between scenes of "Flowing Gold."

Shapely and versatile Paulette Goddard, after her comic antics in "The Ghost Breakers," really goes dramatic in "North West Mounted Police," her latest.

LAMOUR AND THE STAGEDOO

JOHNNIES OF HOLLYWOOD!

By
Mary Jane Manners

Broadway long has been known for its Stagedoor Johnnies, but until now little has been said of a similar species in Hollywood which behaves quite differently and annoyingly!

"MEN are NOT all alike. You have only to have a name that gets into print to learn that," lamented Dorothy Lamour with a sigh, as she replaced the telephone receiver.

"For five mornings in a row, here it is in the papers! I've been at Ciro's, the Sphinx Club, the Clover Club and what have you with a certain *up-and-hope-he's-coming* young actor.

"I just called the newspapers now to find the source of all this material. Actually, I've only had one date with the boy. That once was one of the few times when I let my better judgment and past experience be swayed by my desire to have an innocent evening's fun, like any other girl, with an attractive young person. But—he turned out to be just another Hollywood Stagedoor Johnnie!

"He's been calling the papers every day himself, giving them all this news. A regular one-man self-publicist!

"Three years ago I'd have been very indignant at such an injustice. But now," she shrugged slim shoulders under an egg shell satin robe, "I just say to myself, 'Well, Dottie Lamour, it just proves again, for the 'steenth time, how careful a girl should be!' "

Dorothy was spending the morning "luxuriating," as she put it, "playing the popular conception of a movie star as pictured in the magazines." And doing so in her lovely peach and crystal boudoir in her Coldwater Canyon home.

There's the nine-foot square peach satin bed, the crystal chandeliers, the paler shade of peach carpeting, the mirrored walls.

On a peach satin chaise longue reposed Dorothy in a gorgeous negligee—that did more for her lusciousness than even her famous sarong. Her hair hung shoulder length (*since she actually did cut it off, but once she could sit on it*) in soft curls. Dorothy's wide gray-green eyes were in a reflective, pensive mood. Her sultry red mouth quizzical.

Dorothy had just finished "Moon Over Burma." She'd telephoned me that she was home for the morning and why didn't I come over. I've known Dorothy for three years, ever since she was a lonely little homesick girl getting her first break in pictures in "High, Wide and Handsome." Then, she was actually wishing she wasn't in pictures, but was with Herbie Kaye, her husband. She was that lonely. I liked Dorothy then and the years have only served to strengthen that liking. So here I was.

"A Stagedoor Johnnie!" I repeated. "Why, I thought Stagedoor Johnnies existed only on Broadway!"

"Hollywood has them, too," replied Dorothy, handing me her box of chocolates. She eats them to gain weight. "Only the Hollywood variety is quite different from those on Broadway. In New York, the men who keep their dates at the stagedoor, are usually well-known, smart, sophisticated men-about-town. They give a girl a terrific rush with orchids and supper parties—and sometimes expensive baubles. When I was singing at the Stork Club or making personal appearances on Broadway, I accepted the flowers, but not the geegaws. Some girls accept diamond bracelets, according to Broadway tradition. Others don't. It depends entirely on the girl.

"The Broadway men expect in return simply a dinner date and someone to hit the night spots with for fun. But out here in Hollywood! What they want is to use you for a publicity campaign!

"Out here there're always boys and men around the sound-stage doors. Or those who actually work in the studios or young players on pictures.

"I pretty well protect myself from that sort of thing now. My agent and best friend, Wynn Rocamora, who is always with me, sees to that. But the first time it was sprung on me I was—well, I was just plain flabbergasted!

"Here's a Hollywood Stagedoor Johnnie, who's typical of many I've known. Only I didn't have him classified as such. He seemed a nice boy. I've always made it a point to mingle [*Continued on page 74*]

Declares Dorothy Lamour: "In New York the men who keep their dates at the stagedoor are usually well-known, smart, sophisticated men-about-town. They give a girl a terrific rush with orchids and supper parties and sometimes expensive baubles. Some girls accept diamond bracelets. Others don't. The Broadway men expect in return simply a dinner date and someone to hit the night spots with for fun. But out here in Hollywood!"

Contrary to the impression columnists give, Cary Grant is home three or four evenings a week, usually alone. He's a good mixer, but doesn't mind being alone.

BY JAMES REID

CARY PLAYS THE GAME HIS OWN WAY

Cary Grant disregards the rules of popularity not only in his screen roles, but in his private life, as well, and gets away with it!

HOLLYWOOD can't understand Cary Grant. The man just doesn't make sense. . . . Or does he?

As Hollywood understands the rules of popularity, when you make a great hit in a certain kind of role, it's smart business to follow up with something at least a little like it. Doesn't Cary know the rules after all these years?

Here he starts 1940 by making the two funniest pictures of the year—"His Girl Friday" and "My Favorite Wife." Both play to holdover business in the cities, and they fill the theatres in the small towns. They are undisputed hits. Everybody says, "Isn't Cary Grant comical? Yet you don't blame the heroine a bit when she falls for him. There's something about him. He can make you laugh at him and love him at the same time. Nobody else on the screen can do that—not the way he can."

So what does Cary do? He immediately turns around and goes serious in his next picture. And not only does he go serious. He dresses up in costume. He talks in dialect. And he grows older in the story.

Of course, "The Howards of Virginia" is one of the biggest pictures of the year, and all that. But why—WHY—should he suddenly turn to serious drama, when he's tops in romantic comedy?

Doesn't he *want* to be among the top ten box-office stars?

Between you and me, there's only one reason why he hasn't been listed among the Top Ten before now, with the string of hits he has made—beginning with "Topper" in the summer of 1937. Certain studios control large chains of theatres, and the managers of those theatres vote first for stars of those studios, and for other stars afterward. Cary happens to be one of the other stars.

He's nearer the top than the latest ballots would have you believe. There's an untold story behind his making "The Howards of Virginia" that proves that.

For years Cary has wanted to do a picture with Producer-Director Frank Lloyd, the man who made one of his favorite pictures: "Cavalcade." For years, too, Lloyd has wanted to do a picture with Cary, having a healthy respect for his ability, not to mention his popular appeal. But, for years, one thing or another, conflicting schedules or something else, has kept them from getting together.

Somewhat over a year ago, Lloyd [*Continued on page* 76]

Left: Just when film fans had him tabbed as a great comic, Cary Grant goes serious in "The Howards of Virginia." With him in this scene are Martha Scott and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. _Lower Left:_ Cary plays the role of Matt Howard, a man of the soil, unaccustomed to women. He's married to Martha Scott, an aristocrat. _Below:_ Another scene with Martha Scott. It's Cary's greatest role.

DULCY STRUTS HER

Just like the character of "Dulcy" which she portrays on the screen, Ann Sothern is pretty much the Fixer-Upper in real life, too, and it's invariably to her own embarrassment!

WHEN Ann Sothern told Roger Pryor that she was going to play "Dulcy," Roger with the customary husbandly lack of tact said, "Well, now you won't have to act." Seems as if Roger was awakened from a sound sleep about two o'clock the other morning by a mysterious light flashing on and off in the garden. Burglars, thought Roger, or fifth columns, or something. Cautiously, so as not to wake Ann in the next room, poor dear Ann had a six-thirty call in the morning. Roger slipped into a robe, grabbed his gun, and with no more noise than a ghost let himself out of the house into the garden. He was planning his best football tackle when his foot caught in the sprinkling system and he went into a most ungainly sprawl all over the pansy bed.

"Roger," said Ann shooting the flashlight at his chagrined puss, "you are being most unattractive. Get off of my poor little pansies at once."

"What are you doing down here at two o'clock in the morning," bellowed Roger. "I might have killed myself."

"Now, Poppy," said Ann, "you know I'm a horticulturist. It turned cold during the night and I came down to put more covers on my little bulbs. Look, presh, look at the baby tulips. Couldn't you just *eat* them!"

Roger's remarks have *not* been preserved for posterity.

So naturally when Ann told Roger that her next picture for Metro would be "Dulcy," Roger just couldn't resist saying, "Well, now you won't have to act." Ann was furious, for all of five minutes, Ann being the type who can't sustain a good mad, even with a husband, for longer than that. "Really, Roger," she said with her nose in the air, "I shall go upstairs and read my new seed catalogue. When you can be more attractive, let me know."

After all, calling your bride a Dulcy is *not* the most flattering thing you can say about her. Dulcy, of the play and picture of the same name, was a moron, high grade to be sure, but a moron. She just couldn't resist interfering in people's lives. She was a prize fixer-upper. A meddler de luxe. True she had a heart of gold, and was just crammed full of good intentions. But as Dulcy herself said, "I guess my heart is where my brain ought to be." No wonder Ann didn't speak to Roger for all of five minutes.

Now whether Ann is a Dulcy or not is something I'm not going to voice an opinion about. You don't catch me sticking my neck out in these family arguments. But I can say that anyone, who had the remarkable intelligence to stay off the screen for an entire year in order to break away from sappy sweetness and light parts and hold out for good acting parts, is certainly not a moron, high grade or low. No, there is nothing the matter with the Sothern grey matter. But on the other hand Ann *is* a bit of a fixer-upper. *(On the studio sets they call her Dr. Sothern. The most sympathetic person in the world, she knows the cure for every ailment, and fusses around like a mother hen with her chickens.*

Above: Ann with her hubby, Roger Pryor, who cracked when she got the Dulcy role, "Well, now you won't have to act!" *Left:* As "Maisie," the character responsible for Ann's sensational comeback. *Below:* At the ball game with Gail Patrick.

Below: Ann Sothern, shown on her way to the flower garden in her Beverly Hills home, prides herself upon her gardening, but she had quite an experience with the Ray Millands' garden!

STUFF

By

Elizabeth Wilson

Invariably, she catches cold herself—and can't do a thing about it.) So maybe Roger has something there. And of course when it comes to heart Ann and Dulcy have a lot in common. Ann, as everyone who knows her will agree, is all heart.

In Hollywood, where everything is slightly confused anyway, the star is often confused with the character she plays on the screen. After the great success of "Maisie," Ann was greeted by her fans with shrills of "There's Maisie" every time she went to a preview or a night club. People who worked with her at the studio started calling her Maisie, and some of her friends took it up. But the preview of "Dulcy" changed all that. She was so good as the vague, scatter-brain, big-hearted Dulcy that now, whether she likes it or not, she is stuck with Dulcy. There are screams of "It's Dulcy! Isn't she cute!" from her fans whenever she makes a public appearance. Ann gives out with a great big smile and says to Roger, "Isn't it wondy!" Roger just gives her that I-told-you-so look.

[*Continued on page* 80]

Right: **Ann has a refreshing sense of humor, is not the slightest affected and never humdrum. When she wants to she can become as glamourous as any girl in Hollywood.** ***Below:*** **Ann and the especially designed pompadour hairdress she wears as "Dulcy."**

MARY BETH HUGHES and JOHN BARRYMORE

"The Great Profile" not only marks the return of John Barrymore to the screen, but another step toward stardom for Mary Beth Hughes.

HEDY LAMARR and CLARK GABLE

In "Boom Town" Hedy is cast as a siren who steals the love of Clark Gable from his wife, Claudette Colbert. Spencer Tracy is in it, too.

GENE TIERNEY

When Broadway raved about Gene as both an actress and a beauty, Darryl Zanuck immediately signed her for 20th Century-Fox. Her initial appearance is in "The Return of Frank James," which stars Henry Fonda and has Jackie Cooper and Henry Hull among the featured players.

GARY COOPER

In "North West Mounted Police," in which Gary appears with Madeleine Carroll, Paulette Goddard and Robert Preston, he plays a man from Texas who gets involved in Canada's Riel Rebellion of 1885. Producer Cecil B. De Mille says it's Gary's greatest role. And C. B. should know.

WILLIAM HOLDEN

Bill "Golden Boy" Holden again appears opposite Jean Arthur, this time in Wesley Ruggles' costly production of "Arizona." Bill, who's more than lived up to expectations, should be set for solo stardom after this super-western. He and Brenda Marshall are nearer the altar than ever.

DEANNA DURBIN

Deanna has Universal quite uneasy about her forthcoming marriage to Vaughn—Paul. The studio, still unable to realize that its greatest star is now very much a young lady in love, would like her to postpone it until after a few more pictures, following "Spring Parade," which is Deanna's current film.

Sidney Toler, of Charlie Chan fame, was born in Warrensburg, Missouri, but his director insists there's something Chinese about him

DAMNED CLEVER, THESE MISSOURIANS!

By Ed Sullivan

WHEN Swedish Warner Oland, the best Chinaman the movies had yet produced, died, 20th Century-Fox culled a list of thirty-five actors for a successor. They eventually picked Missourian Sidney Toler. Toler was selected because of his blandness in the role of a smiling, villainous American stock swindler in "Up the River," which gives you an idea of the way we do things in Hollywood. However, Missourian Toler says: "It is okay. As ancient philosophers might say: 'Never tamper with gold fillings in gift horse's mouth.'"

To date, and since his reincarnation as the Chinese detective, Toler has made eight Charlie Chan pictures. At first, the moving picture public complained that there was no Chan like Warner Oland, but the objections died away as a result of time and more particularly as a result of Toler's excellent portrayals. His leap into favor has been manifested by a continuous increase in his fan mail. No other performer in movies gets quite the same variety of mail as Charlie Chan.

One man wrote from Florida asking Toler to exert his detective skill in locating his daughter who had been taken by his wife when she ran away with another man. "The police have been unable to do anything, but I think she is in New York," the letter said with admirable vagueness and admirable trust. "I know you can't go to New York, but I'm hopeful, from seeing you on the screen, that you can just sort of reason things out like you do in pictures." Other letters ask Toler to find missing persons. One woman wanted his advice as to whether or not she should leave a drunken husband. Another woman asked if she should marry a man much older.

Actually, Toler is not so shrewd as his screen roles portray him. He found that out recently. For thirty years, Toler has worn as a good luck piece a ring set with a piece of jade. When he was picked for the Charlie Chan roles, Toler told friends that the old Chinese ring had something to do with his good luck. Visiting the San Francisco Fair, Toler wandered into the Chinese exhibit of precious jade. The attendants recognized him and made quite a fuss over Mr. Chan. Before leaving the building, Toler exhibited the jade ring. "Correction please," smiled the attendant, "that is not jade, Mr. Chan. That is a piece of green agate."

Lucky Humberstone, who has directed as many of the Charlie Chan pictures as anybody else, insists there's a definite oriental side to Sidney Toler's nature that goes perfectly with the character of the Chinese detective originated on the screen by the late Warner Oland.

Toler was born in Missouri and his people have been in this country since Captain John Smith founded Jamestown. Nevertheless, Lucky swears there's something Chinese about the man.

Toler's physique might be envied by any North China man. Six feet tall and weighing a hundred and eighty, Toler has sloping shoulders, long muscles, high cheek bones, deeply tanned skin, dark eyes, a slow smile and an easy, unhurried manner.

He refuses to become excited. He doesn't like to fight. He says there usually is a much better way to gain a point. He has great patience. He recognizes, but does not condemn, the weaknesses of the human race.

He is convinced that the longest way around is nearly always the shortest way home.

There's the story of the peach tree at his home on top of one of Hollywood's minor mountains.

"Two branches of the tree had grown across the breakfast room window, shutting out much of the light," he explained. "Remembering Mrs. Toler's opinion of my ability as a gardener, I said nothing to her about amputating the limbs. Instead, I talked to the gardener, who understands my position, and he went to Mrs. Toler and said that since the limbs were becoming diseased it would be best to cut them off. She agreed and he cut them off and I now have the morning sun with my breakfast coffee."

Toler feels there's nothing to be gotten out of fighting except perspiration and maybe a black eye. [*Continued on page 82*]

wer left: As Sidney Toler appeared before assuming Charlie Chan le. It's from "Double Wedding," with William Powell and Myrna Loy. **low:** With Sen Yung, San Francisco Chinese, who plays role of his o. 2 son in the Chan pictures. ***Lower right:*** A sinister whisper a wax figure of himself in "Charlie Chan At The Wax Museum."

"Marriage Is Not Enough!"

So says Virginia Bruce explaining why she continues her career, although blessed with a devoted husband, an adorable child and beautiful home, with all the luxuries of life and love and more things to do than she'll ever accomplish

As told to

GLADYS HALL

Virginia Bruce with her husband, J. Walter Ruben, who is a director-producer for M-G-M. He'd rather Virginia didn't work at all, but refuses to go against her wishes.

"I AM madly in love with my husband, I adore my little girl. I love my home. I am never bored. I do not crave fame. I do not lust after the things money can buy. Neither jewels nor expensive clothes nor night club life nor yachts nor the races nor streamlined cars. I have lived, and yet," laughed the porcelain skinned, but puissant, Miss Bruce, giving the geraniums a last, vigorous shot of Vitamin A, "and yet—marriage is not enough.

"I haven't *any* of the stock reasons," she added, "for saying it is not enough."

I should say NOT, I thought. For if any girl in Hollywood should be content to call a career a day, that girl is Virginia Bruce Ruben.

Here she sits, I thought, married to a rich producer (*for all producers are rich producers, the good books tell us*), here she is with a new, beautiful home, her little girl, her hopes and plans for other little girls and boys. Here she is with a life already so full that the cup is pressed down and running all over the place. It's often women with arid personal lives who seek to compensate for that aridity by having careers. But for Virginia life has been a fruity cake, spiced and rich with plums and goodies. And if there have been a few bitter aloes, too, well, even pain is experience, isn't it?

Yes, what with her flaming romance and marriage to Jack Gilbert, the birth of their child, the work she has done on the screen, the crash of that marriage and the death of a dream; later, the deep, stable and satisfying love she found with J. Walter Ruben (*"Sonny," as she calls him, affectionately*) with the tributes given her beauty, she has had everything life offers few women in a lifetime. And what in blazes she wants to go on working for, that is the question.

Yet, she does want to go on working. She *is* working. Not only does she want to go on, but she fought for her career with pearly tooth and tinted nail, even to the extent of breaking away from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, her home lot. She could have stayed on at M-G-M indefinitely, taking her sufficient salary, resting comfortably on her laurels which, if not as luxuriant of foliage as the laurels of some other girls were, at least, evidence of success.

But no, she broke away from M-G-M, not an easy thing to do, as she will presently tell you herself. She went to Warners to start all over again in Burbank pastures new. She made "Flight Angels." She made "The Man Who Talked Too Much," with Beau Brent. She is now making "Hired Wife" for Universal.

I tell you, she has everything . . . and yet, in the richly padded precincts of her white, Colonial house, staffed by four silken-footed Japanese housemen, a governess for small Susan, a husband who adores her, the battle light of the Career Woman still flares in the blue, Bruce eyes. And if this isn't the story to end (*we hope*) all stories of career-versus-marriage, then there's no such word as finis in the vocabulary.

"I can smash to *atoms* every one of the old tried-and-true reasons women give when they say *I want a career,*" Virginia was saying.

In case you care, we were cosy now in the breakfast nook of the glittering white and navy blue Ruben pantry,

nking iced tea laced with peppermint, rginia fresh out of garden, in blue nim overalls, no make-up, straggly hair d still beautiful with that Dresden auty of hers which so delicately conals the dynamo she is.

"For instance," she continued, "many men want careers in order to have nething warm and satisfying in their es. Not me. For I *have* something rm and satisfying in my life, *I have e*. I love my husband. He loves me. hich makes a circle in the center of ich I should live, content never to go yond it. I am content. I do not feel complete. I do not feel unfulfilled. And ll *it isn't enough.*

"My husband doesn't want me to work. doesn't say so. The modern man esn't try to shape the life of the modn woman. But I know he doesn't, not his heart. And I can understand that must be a wonderful feeling for a n to come home to 'his woman,' enely his because she is In The Home, th no life of her own apart from his. t I believe I give Sonny that feeling. n always home when he gets home, en when I'm working. Susan and I are vays dressed pretty, our little faces essed against the window pane, watch-

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"I felt they were fed up with me at M-G-M; bored with me," confides Virginia. "There were all the new girls coming along, Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Vivien Leigh, and they increased my feeling of inferiority . . . I asked to be released from my contract." *Left:* George Brent with Virginia in "The Man Who Talked Too Much," made for Warners. *Below:* In the embrace of Dennis Morgan in "Flight Angels," also for Warners. Her next is "Hired Wife" for Universal.

Jeffrey Lynn used to be afraid to ask a girl to go out with him for fear of being turned down. *Below:* At a Hollywood premiere with Doris Carson. *Lower right:* Jeff with Pat Stillman at a recent party she gave.

ELIGIBLE BACHELOR!

The life of an Eligible Bachelor in Hollywood is filled with many embarrassing moments, especially for a lad like Jeffrey Lynn, who hails from a Puritan New England home

By Jerry Asher

ELIGIBLE bachelor indeed!

Before Jeffrey Lynn is many movies older. I'm afraid he's going to seethe at the sound of the words. Had he been born with bandy legs and protruding buck teeth, his life would have been as simple as a hermit's. He still might be trouping around the country in the second company of "Brother Rat." No little fans would have been particularly concerned whether he slept over or under the sheets. And he might have ended up a happy average man.

There's nothing very average about him today. Facts are facts. His molar display is the epitome of pearly perfection. He stands well over six feet without his pigskin brogues. As far as Hollywood is concerned, he's just what the casting director ordered. They seem to feel the same way about him in Kansas City and all points north, south, east and west. Young girls sigh over him and old girls cry over him. For a conservative young man with a New England background, he seems to be doing all right.

Yes, Jeffrey Lynn has "arrived."

This startling bit of first-hand information he assured me, as we sat in his car parked in front of the makeup department on the Warner Brothers' lot. Jeff was grinning as he spoke. The entire aspect of the situation seemed to add to his momentary amusement. The grin widened from ear to ear.

"I just got back from a personal appearance tour," said Jeff—as if I hadn't read about the near-riot he caused in Milwaukee—the havoc that descended upon poor unsuspecting Worcester, Massachusetts (*his home town*), and the traffic he blocked in New York City.

"Well—I guess I'm famous at last," he mused. "*Broadway Rose* asked me for my autograph!"

"Now for your information and to further impress you (*I hope*) *Broadway Rose* is a strange legendary character, who has a passion for pursuing celebrities. When they arrive at that flight of fame where she considers them worthy of her attention—*then* she asks for [*Continued on page 85*]

Below: **Jeff pays a visit to his family in Worcester, Massachusetts.** ***Right:*** **On way to Reno for "Virginia City" opening with Jacqueline Dalya, Binnie Barnes, Mike Frankovitch.** ***Lower right:*** **Helping Ann Sheridan free herself when handcuffed by college boy.** ***Upper right:*** **Jeff and his latest heartbeat, Dana Dale, do some fancy steps.**

PAT MORISON—EX-WALLFLOWER

MISS PATRICIA MORISON started off in a big way. As a mere babe in arms at her christening, she tugged at the beard of the chaplain who was officiating. As a snip of two, she had a mad infatuation for a fat, old English bobby who was, she assured him, a pretty boy. But in high school she slowed down and became a wallflower whose dancing partners were always the boys with the glasses. She despaired for herself.

Today, she is one of Paramount's best bets—a stunning brunette with blue-blue eyes set off in clear whites. She has a seductive figure and tremendous poise that in no way connotes conceit.

What's more, she plays tough characters like that of the murderous *Dot Bronson* in "Persons In Hiding," in a way to make the cinematically-tough J. Carrol Naish look like a sissy. *Wallflower,* did someone say?

Her pictures to date: "Persons In Hiding," "I'm From Missouri," "The Magnificent Fraud" and "Untamed."

As she sat opposite the writer for breakfast at New York's Plaza Hotel, there wasn't the faintest trace of the wallflower about her. Full lips, faint cleft in chin, black hair parted in the middle and encircled by a red turban. A white blouse and blue gabardine skirt completed the picture and made it a trim one.

"It's terribly nice to be back in New York," she began as she sipped the coffee that was all she breakfasted on. "I like Hollywood, but this is my home town. I was born here."

That was twenty-three years ago. Her father is William R. Morison, writer, artist and member of the Northern Hebrides clan of Morison with one "r." The two "r" clan are tough Scotsmen, but not seafarers like the one "r's." Her mother was a Carson of the same family from which came the judge who tried Oscar Wilde. After Pat was born, they returned to their native England, where they settled in a small town near Liverpool.

"When I was born," she said, "my Irish nurse told mother that if I wasn't given a name immediately the wee folk would get me. So the nurse called me *Ursula* and that is my name on the registry. But when the christening took place at my father's old school, Christ's Hospital, *Ursula* was lost in the shuffle. (*Christ's Hospital is a monastery school where the students wear monk's robes. Charles Lang and Samuel Coleridge are among its graduates.*) As I tugged at the chaplain's beard I became: *Eileen,* father's choice; *Patricia,* mother's; *Augusta,* a feminized version of godfather's name and *Fraser,* for mother's favorite brother. So everyone calls me *Pat. . . .*"

When she was a little older the Morisons returned to this country to live in Brooklyn, near Prospect Park. By this time, she had a brother named Alex who joined her in kindergarten. Alex, named after a naval-officer uncle, sported a terrific English accent which the young Brooklynites resented fiercely. It took only one "my uncle the com-mahn-der" to set off a barrage of blocks.

Eventually, the family moved to the Gramercy Park section of New York City and Pat went to the Tarrytown School until the depression put an end to that. She picked up and went on to Washington Irving High School, where Miss Claudette Colbert, among others, put in a stretch.

"I went in heavily for art and dramatics," she got up to answer the phone which was to ring eight times before we were through. "Mathematics were anathema to me, but I liked French and English. Come geometry and my papers would be filled with drawings. Of course, my papers were constantly being sent home with little notes from the teachers attached to them. 'Dear Mrs. Morison:' they'd say. 'This isn't good. . . .' It certainly wasn't—for me!" She chuckled and went on. "Then the acting bug bit me hard and I worked so earnestly they gave me the part of Portia in 'The Merchant Of Venice'."

Herbert Brenon, the movie director, had known the Morison kids ever since they were, and had sat through a staggering amount of Pat's imitations, even those of Chevalier and Irene Bordoni. Obviously, he was *very* fond of little Pat.

"I couldn't stand fractions any longer," said Pat. "So I signed up with Marta Oatman to study drama, poise and diction. I was promptly cast in 'Madame X,' as are all beginners. I banged the daylights out of my part and when Mr. Brenon and his wife visited us on their return from a trip to Ireland I boasted about my sterling performance. I boasted so long and so much that Mr. Brenon took me up on it. He wrapped a towel about his head as a British judge's wig and commanded me to join him in a scene from the play. He was nice enough to say I was good!"

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Left: **Patricia goes Spanish in her latest, "Rangers of Fortune," with Fred MacMurray.** ***Below:*** **A torrid scene with Ray Milland in "Untamed."**

Left: With her brother, Alex, a bandleader, of whom she's especially fond. *Right:* Lee Bowman is one of Pat's many admirers. She loves to dance the rhumba and the tango. Is anxious to play opposite Charles Boyer or Robert Donat.

Matty Fox and Pat have been a popular, if not serious, twosome in the Hollywood social whirl.

Oddly enough, Pat got in films because of her singing, but hasn't sung a song in a picture yet.

It's difficult to accept that so glamourous a personality as Pat used to sit out dances in her high school days, but it's true and so are several other amazing things about her

By William Lynch Vallee

Right: Of course, the woman who is probably the Star of Stars to Hollywood is Garbo, and don't let anybody tell you differently. Newspaper people in other parts of the country may be impatient with her independence and her "mystery legend," but Hollywood loves it. *Below:* Although Paul Muni enjoys professional admiration for his acting, nevertheless, he has never been known to stop a party with an entrance, like Dietrich.

Below: Like Paul Muni, Bette Davis and fan favorites, when Spencer Tracy star picture, Hollywoodites know it will be a cess, yet Spence is not one of the Stars to S

By

Dick Pine

STARS WHO ARE STARS TO STARS

IT WAS a large party. A famous band was playing, and Hollywood's glamour boys and girls were all dressed in their best wigs and wimples. It was an orchids, sables and champagne occasion. Basil Rathbone and I had settled ourselves in a corner, and were settling the fate of nations, when we were conscious of a sudden hush. We felt the party suspend itself. Basil looked up, quizzically puzzled. "Heavens alive!" he ejaculated. "What is it?"

Everybody's eyes were turned in one direction. A woman near us murmured, "It's Marlene Dietrich!" Excitement began to mount, and, so help me, it kept on mounting, as Marlene made her entrance, flanked on either side by Josef von Sternberg and Erich Maria (*All Quiet*) Remarque. She was dressed completely in white, her hair was in severe lines, and she wore very little makeup. (*A woman could tell you much more.*) But the result was,—well, arresting. And the party was completely arrested until Marlene had found a seat. And only a moment before, I had seen Cary Grant, Eddie Robinson, Edgar Bergen, Joan Bennett, and hosts of other important people, unnoticeably romping and chatting with each other.

Marlene, whose fame was thought tottering not so long ago, continues to be an object of particular interest to her fellow stars. There are only a few of these people who are stars to the stars—celebrities in their own village. I'll try to tell you of some of them.

Hollywood has its own conception as to what constitutes a star. In some instances it *may* depend upon quality of performance, or the size of the weekly stipend. But I think it depends far more upon personality. A great actor may be just another person in Hollywood, and a run-of-the-mill actor may be considered distinguished. Bette Davis, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore, Director Frank Capra—these people are the objects of professional admiration which almost results in the formation of cults. Hollywood people are convinced that their performances or accomplishments will be "great, colossal, superb, exquisite" before the picture is even started. Walt Disney is a special sort of god in his own right.

But not one of these individuals will stop a party by making an entrance. They can enter in a body, and the orchestra won't miss a note. Scarcely a head will turn. But just let Connie Bennett come in!

Connie is by way of being a Personage in Hollywood, and I can't tell you exactly why. There may be one or two contributing factors. Hollywood is still naively impressed by "Eastern socialites" and by foreign titles. Connie has married both. And then, Hollywood has never forgotten the time when she was collecting a salary of such proportions that Eastern bankers came rushing out to the Coast in droves, to inquire

EACH year at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios a golf tournament is held for the employees. Anyone working for the studio is eligible to compete. The result is that stars and celebrities mingle with workers from every department and good fellowship reigns supreme. This year was the twelfth annual tournament and was the most successful yet conducted. Clark Gable and his wife, Carole Lombard, Robert Taylor and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney were the leading lights among the screen stars competing. The gallery was one of the largest ever to watch a tournament. As an added feature an orchestra serenaded the players as they left the first tee. You'll notice Clark Gable and Carole Lombard among those being serenaded if you study the picture at the top of the page. The stars didn't take their games too seriously. In fact, there was much horseplay, such as slipping over a few exploding golf balls on Mickey Rooney. We tried to get the final scores of the stars, but they begged off, admitting the studio workers were far too good.

L. to r.: Waiting to play, Ben Thau, Arthur Freed, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable and Edward J. Mannix.

Clark Gable smacks a long drive off tee.

Firecrackers are tossed at Mickey Rooney.

"PENNY WISE,

Here's proof the screen stars watch their pennies as closely as the average person in some things, but in others they often go to silly extremes

By Jack Holland

SOMEONE in a brilliant moment coined the phrase, "Penny wise, pound foolish." And perhaps this same someone also said there was a quirk in every human's nature. Whomever it was who dished out these choice bits of wisdom must have had the stars of Hollywood in mind.

You wouldn't think that the flicker favorites ever thought of money. After all, they are supposed to be riding all over the place on greenbacks. But, take it from me, they watch their pennies as closely as you and I—in some things. But they have their weaknesses in other things and that's why their business managers slowly go insane.

If you ask any star today why he or she is economical on one thing and money crazy on another, you'll only get a vapid answer, "Well, come to think of it, I don't know." Balancing the budget, in other words, is as much a mystery to the stars as it is to most governments—and just as difficult to do.

Take Olivia de Havilland, for instance. Now there's a young miss who puts herself on a budget and sticks to it through thick and thin. She is still driving the same car she had a few years ago. When it gets rather woe-begone looking, Livvy takes it into a garage and has it Simonized. Out it comes, like new. So, says Livvy, "What's the point of wrecking my budget just to get a new car when my old one does just as well?"

Then there's the question of her hats. Now, she never spends any more than she can help on such things. But one day I saw her looking very disgruntled. I asked her what was wrong. She replied, rather abashed, "Mother made me buy a new hat—oh, a very expensive one. And I'm so ashamed. I won't even tell you what I paid for it." She paused and then added, "I don't know what will happen to

Left: Fred MacMurray has a dime calendar bank which gives the date if you daily put in a dime. He never misses. Also saves old razor blades and has them sharpened. *Above:* Tyrone Power hates to buy new cars, but is a sucker for miniature trains, tracks and signals. *Right:* Alice Faye doesn't see any point in spending exorbitant prices for clothes. But the same isn't true of her when it comes to perfume. *Top:* Wendy Barrie's weakness is shoes.

POUND FOOLISH"

my budget now."

But Livvy has a weakness, one that is so strong that not even an unbalanced budget can exert any influence. You lead her to a lingerie shop, her eyes widen, she becomes very excited, and soon in she goes and all but buys out the store. Of course, she pays enough for such dainty things to throw her allowance entirely out of whack, but she excuses herself by saying, "I like the feel of good silk." It doesn't even matter to her that she can't always use the stuff she buys.

On the other hand, Priscilla Lane's mother has to drag her to buy anything like lingerie or clothes. She prefers plain old comfort and informality. But if she passes a pet shop and sees a few forlorn dogs, cats, birds, or anything else, it takes a militia to drag her away. According to Rosemary, she'd have the house cluttered up with pets and would throw the family in bankruptcy buying and feeding them if she weren't watched [*Continued on page 91*]

Left: Olivia de Havilland hates to buy hats; spends little when she does. With lingerie it's different. *Upper right:* Margaret Lindsay walks blocks to save a nickel phone call. *Above:* Errol Flynn seldom carries pocket money. *Right:* Warren William invents household thrift gadgets.

TODAY is one of those days that makes everything the Chamber of Commerce has ever said about California come true. A day to make a truant of anyone, and so I wasn't surprised when the man I married decided, after that one quick squint at the sky, to take the day off. So we packed a picnic lunch, put bathing suits on under our slacks and headed the jalopy towards the Pacific and Malibu.

Up the sea road we went passing the beach houses of the stars and it was almost as if all the stars were playing hooky from the studios that day, too. There wasn't a deserted swimming pool or badminton or tennis court to be seen. Of course, that wasn't surprising. It's the sort of thing everyone expects of Hollywood, gay beach parties and fun and glamour. The surprising thing was the number of children around. Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor were racing along the beach with young Dion and Mary and Jack Benny sat enthralled watching their little daughter trying to launch a miniature sailboat on the Pacific and as we turned in answer to a gay "Hi!" we saw Joan Blondell and Dick Powell and their youngsters pass in their station wagon.

I don't think there's a suburb in America where children are more in evidence than in the Hollywood of today. The stars adore their youngsters and love to be with them and talk about them as incessantly as any doting parents. Things have changed that way in Hollywood. I remember a time when children were practically non-existent out here. Those stars, brave enough to risk losing their glamour rating with the fans by having them, kept them well in the background and they improved on the old bromide of children not being heard. They weren't seen either. But most of them, especially the women stars, just didn't have them.

That was the time I first met the young couple I'm going to call Charlie and Gerda. Charlie wanted to be a writer, but

Above: Maybe it was their happiness that stood in the way of her success, for Gerda and Charlie made no pretense of their adoration for each other. *Right:* The nurse had just brought the baby into Gerda's room and he was lying in the curve of her arm, his fuzzy little head pressing against her breast and there were tears in her eyes as she looked down at him. *Below:* Gerda was entertaining lavishly and the house was always well full of guests.

The true and pathetic story of what eventually happened to a young married actress who sacrificed her own and husband's happiness because she thought being known as a mother would ruin her screen career

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

THE GIRL RAN AWAY HAPPI

about all he could get to do then were occasional feature stories for one of the Los Angeles papers. And Gerda wanted to be a star, but the nearest she got to it was extra work and an occasional small part.

It was always a mystery to me that she didn't get along better at the studios. She was such a pretty little thing and at that time Hollywood demanded tininess in its favorites. Her hair was the color of sage brush honey and her eyes were the color of my favorite petunias, a peculiar half blue, half purple and they were as velvety soft as the flower petals, too. Her nose was short and tilted and she had the childlike mouth and dimples that the fans adored in their stars.

Maybe it was their happiness that stood in the way of her success. For Gerda and Charlie made no pretense about their adoration for each other and she never went out on the dates that in those days so often meant a good part in a picture. Hollywood has changed in that way, too. Talent and hard work and plugging are the things that go places today. But then many a pretty little girl got a start by running around with directors and assistant directors and camera men.

I don't think the driving ambition that was going to stand in the way of Gerda's happiness was much in evidence then. If it was she managed to conceal it. She seemed such a happy-go-lucky kid: finding everything she wanted in the cute bungalow that she kept as spotless as if she didn't have a thought in the world beyond [*Continued on page 94*]

Above: Gerda was on her knees beside the bed, her arms cradling her injured boy. *Upper right:* The director studied Gerda's face carefully and decided she would be ideal for the role. *Right:* Of all the happy mothers in Hollywood, not one is happier than Gerda when her eyes turn toward her husband and child.

WHO
FROM
NESS

TO JOHN WAYNE

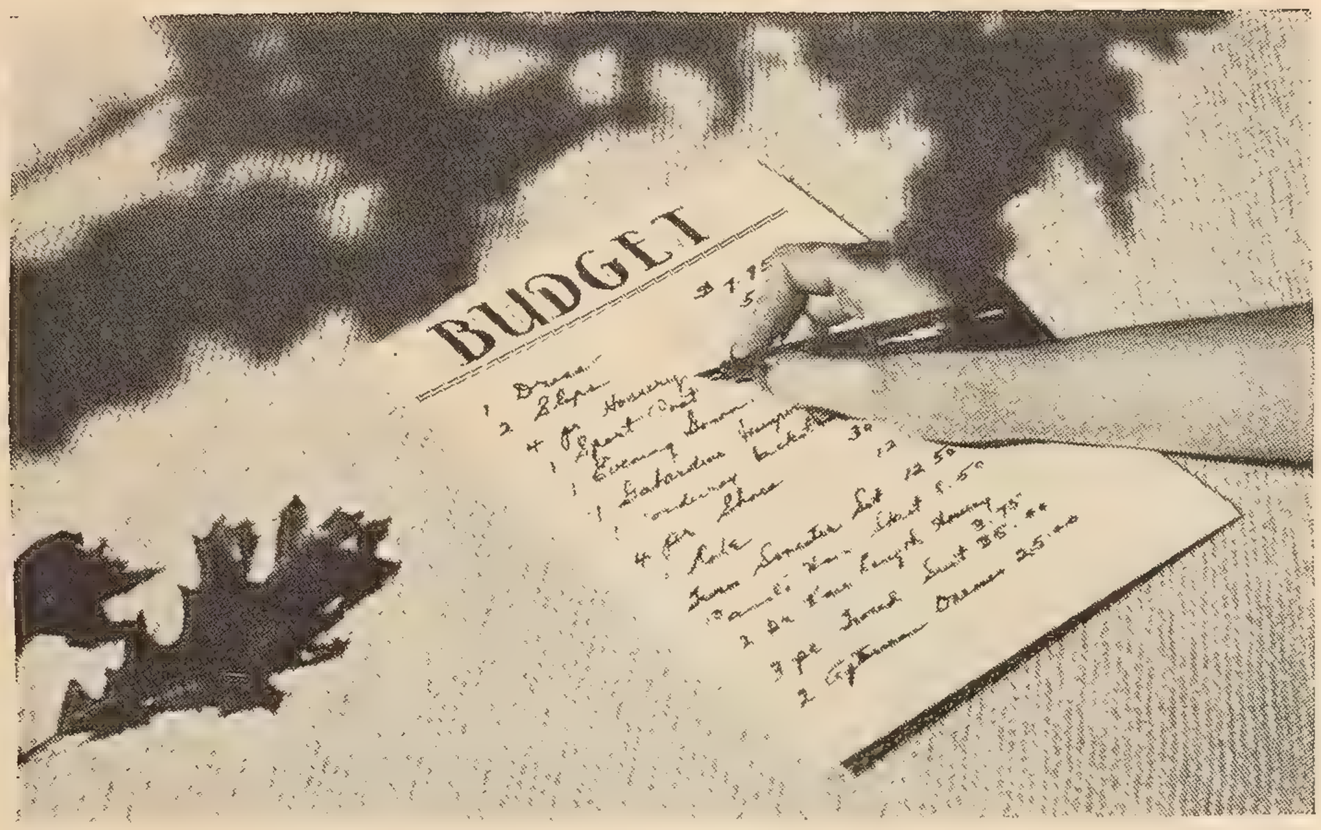
WE POINT WITH PRIDE

WHEN Director John Ford gave John Wayne the lead in Walter Wanger's memorable "Stagecoach" he definitely established him as a star who would draw well at any theatre. Up to then, John's pictures, for the most part, were unimportant and never were shown at the leading theatres. Following "Stagecoach," he did "Dark Command," a big budget picture for Republic, which further identified him as a strong box-office attraction. John is now starring in another John Ford production, "The Long Voyage Home," by Eugene O'Neill. Also current is his "Three Faces West," for Republic. And he's making "Seven Sinners" with Marlene Dietrich for Universal. John Wayne is finally enjoying the recognition he has long deserved!

Upper left: John Wayne with Claire Trevor in "Dark Command." **Left:** As the husky Swede sailor in "The Long Voyage Home," his latest.

SCHOOL For SMARTNESS

Conducted by Marjorie May



October ushers in new ideas galore!

Wood is important. You'll see it in the heels of shoes and for buckles, carved like period furniture. And wood makes some of the smartest jewelry this season. Topaz, amber, Oriental effects are good, too.

It's a man's world, these days. Mannish jackets . . . masculine topcoats . . . fly-front slacks and coats . . . take the lead in sportswear. Fabrics follow the gentlemen's lead, too, with gabardine, covert, flannel and Shetland.

Slimmer skirts . . . longer jackets. That's the style dictum for Fall. The "torso" jacket which first bloomed last Spring carries on definitely as a fashion first.

New-season headnote: Pompadours preferred! A hair style that's adaptable for almost every age! Up-swirls, halo effects, up-curled bangs and front coxcombs are only a few of the pompadour's many variations.

Old Glory inspires a wave of exciting accessories. Smart lapels wear flags in red, white and blue rhinestones, Roosevelt or Willkie emblems. Out of smart bags come compacts in tri-color enamel and everywhere, everywhere, you will see the democracy-triumphant American eagle!

inexpensive answers to your coat question

A fur jacket that plays a double role. Smart with tailored or dress-up clothes and impressive enough to do duty as an evening wrap, too. Manchurian wolf styled in the new longer length. Black only. About $40.00 at Gimbel Bros.; Erlanger Dry Goods Company, Canton.

Only $1.00 bags each of these beauties! All-over shirring and peplum top-flaps are news in the fabric-leather bag on the left. The dressmaker bag on the right is softly draped in velvety suede cloth with a brilliant metal clasp. At L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; John Shillito, Cinn.; H. C. Capwell Co., Oakland.

New Fall handouts! Capeskin with hand embroidery swirling across the back and around the cuff. About $2.00. Half-and-half glove, the palm in fabric, the back in leather with contrast piping down the center. About $1.25. Both at Meigs & Co., Bridgeport; R. H. Stearns, Boston; Bucknall Bros., Milwaukee.

Fly-front box coat, a very important new fashion for sports and street wear. Classically tailored in cozy knit-back fleece. Natural or tanbark. About $11.00 at the Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; Neusteter's, Denver. The felt visor swoops high and handsome, has a huge quill spiked through. About $2.00 at The Rike-Kumler Company, Dayton; Golden Rule, St. Paul; Bon Marche, Seattle.

Muff-'n-Coat of needlepoint wool, following the boxy lines so stressed this season. The clever front pockets form a little muff to keep your hands as warm as toast. Black, brown, wine, teal. About $11.00 at Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; Carson, Pirie, Scott Co., Chicago. Padre sailor with a quaint up-curving brim, only $2.00. Dayton Co., Minneapolis; Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis.

Bonnet Brim

in velvety Tish-U-Suede with peacock-feather eyes on the band. A Sunset Boulevard Fashion designed by Howard Greer, about $6.00. Write for store names.

Backward Beret

with its own hair-bow, worn angelically off-face. About $2.00 at Thalhimer's, Richmond; John W. Thomas Co., Minneapolis.

Tailormaid Topper

very swashbuckling in felt. About $3.00 at Younker Bros. Inc., Des Moines; Schuster's, Milwaukee.

Pompadour Pillbox

coquettish in velvet with a misty Chantilly lace veil. About $5.00 at Oreck's, Duluth; The William Taylor Son & Co., Cleveland.

Head Start on Fall

Four style-setting silhouettes you'll see on smart heads all Autumn

SHE SELECTS HERS STRIPED

Trimly tailored spun-rayon with a lively young air. Stripes of green, navy, earth or black, all with white. Equally right around the home or on the street and really a downright find for only about $4.00. At The F & R Lazarus Company, Columbus; Kline's, Kansas City, Mo.

SHE PICKS HERS PLAIN

Streamlined spun-rayon and teca in a crisp swing-back sportster. There is a clever "sealed" placket at the side that unbuttons for added ease in action. Blue, brown, green, wine. An out-and-out budget booster at about $4.00. Write for store names.

finds under five

MEET JANE DOE

wrong X

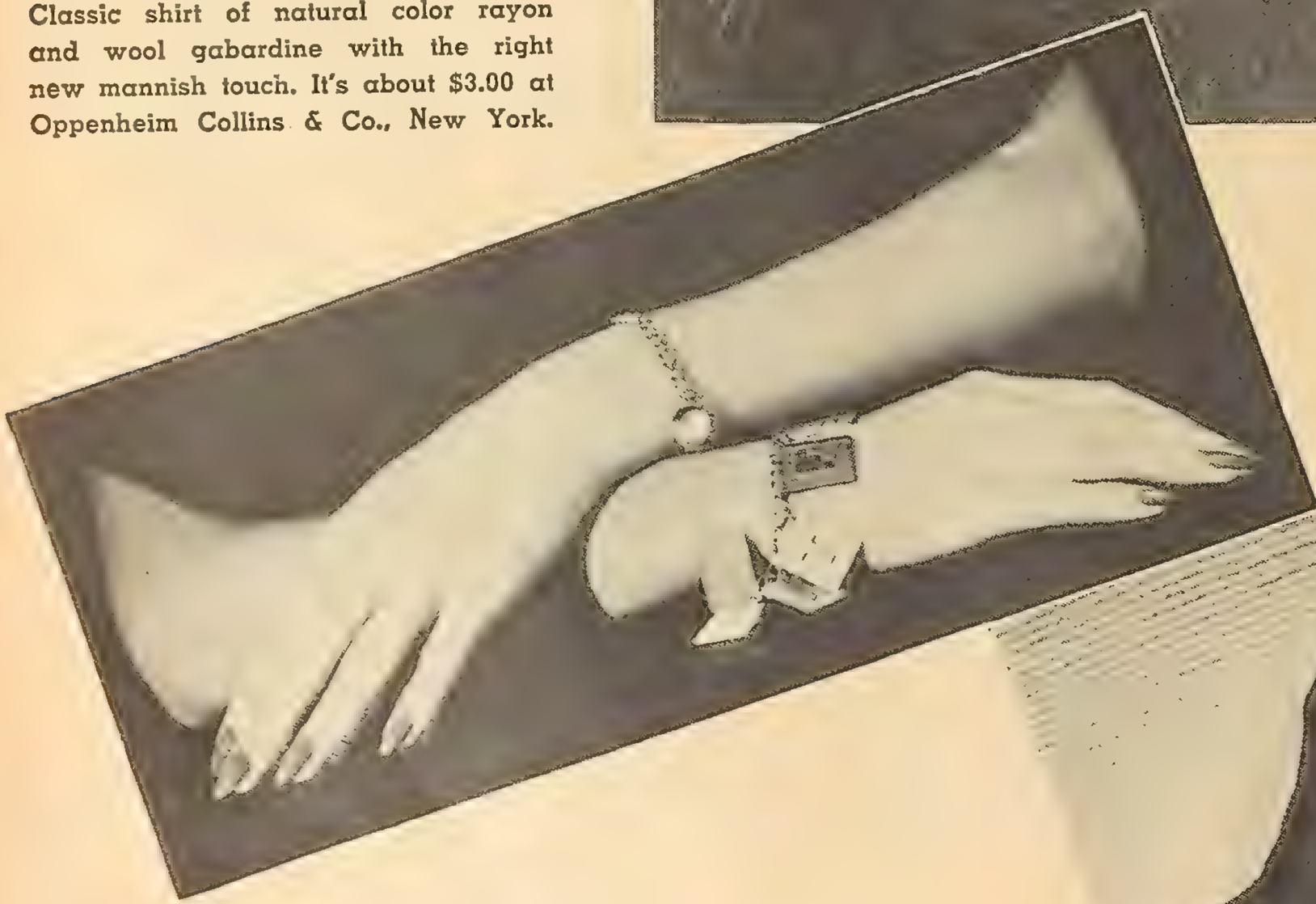
DRESS—fits skimpily. The bodice line is too high on her figure. HAT—too flat. A pillbox, true, but she wears it tilted sideways instead of far back, the right new way. It doesn't do a thing for her! JEWELRY—over elaborate. The heavy necklace is really not right on a v-neck. BAG—too small and unimportant to complement the ensemble. GLOVES—too short, for a dressy costume such as this. Wrong in color, too. Dark ones to match the bag and hat are more suitable.

right

DRESS—softly flattering in rayon crepe with built-up waistline and shirred bodice, wearing its own golden pin. A Carol Craig fashion, about $8.00 at Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati; Crowley-Milner Co., Detroit. HAT—striking off-face felt with a flattering polka-dot veil for dress-up. About $5.00 at Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Gold's, Lincoln. BAG—long capeskin bow-shaped pouch, large enough to be an important costume note. Only $3.00 at Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Maison Blanche Co., New Orleans. GLOVES—flattering longer length, perfect with the bracelet-length sleeve. Fabric, about $1.00 at Bloomingdale's

Casually Yours In Style And Price

Everybody's corduroy-conscious this Fall! Here, it's used in a knockout little shorty coat for knockabout wear. A gay red wool plaid lining highlights the creamy natural color. About $8.00. Matching the lining, a red wool plaid kiltie skirt with flyaway pleats. About $6.00. Find both at Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Jacobson Stores, Battle Creek; The Paris, Ft. Wayne. Classic shirt of natural color rayon and wool gabardine with the right new mannish touch. It's about $3.00 at Oppenheim Collins & Co., New York.



A brace of nonsense bracelets. Ball-and-Chain has a little glass globe that holds your true love's picture. Only $1.00 at Saks Fifth Ave., New York; L. Bamberger & Co., Newark. Date Bracelet has seven little gold flaps marked for every day of the week. Underneath each, individual memo pads for noting dates. Only $1.00 at Best & Company, Robert's Cloak House, Columbus; Charles Stevens & Bros. Corp., Chicago; Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Ore.

You'll be smitten with this mitten, flaunting its gay little tassel! High-colored suede. About $2.00 at H. P. Selmon & Co., Louisville; The Ball Stores, Muncy.

Jumpers jump right into the fashion picture! This one's blessed with carry-all pockets and a gored princesse skirt. Snugly fastened with a slide-fastener down the back. Practical as well as pretty—the pinwale corduroy washes nicely. About $7.00 is all. The plaid-mad little woolen shirt comes in colors to blend with the jumper. About $4.00. Both at Forbes & Wallace, Springfield; Davison, Paxon Co., Atlanta; La Salle & Koch, Toledo; Ernest Kern Co., Detroit. Her bracelet tells a fish-story! Vivid swordfish mounted on wood—the all-important jewelry note. About $3.00 at Hutzler Bros., Baltimore; Lipman-Wolfe Co., Portland, Ore.

Cheering sight in her circular knee-cap skirt of fine men's wear Shetland. (It can probably double for ice-skating, later on.) About $7.00. Write for store names. Fuzzy-wuzzy slip-on, all ribbed, about $4.00 and matching kneehigh socks, about $2.00. The little matchmate knit beany is under $1.00. All at Owen, Moore & Co., Portland, Me.; Jenney Co., Cincinnati; D. J. Healy, Detroit. Handsewn Norwegian moccasins of tan cowhide, about $4.00 at The Fair, Chicago; Harry S. Manchester, Madison. Bright schoolbook necklace, about $2.00 at R. H. Macy; H. & S. Pogue, Indianapolis; Nice little squashy gadget bag in capeskin, shaped like a muffin. About $2.00 at The Blum Store, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

At Ease

Sleepy-head wears butcher-boy pajamas of soft rayon crépe with a cute eyelet hanky in the pocket. About $4.00 at Bonwit-Teller, N. Y. Silver Screen fan shows off in a stunning housecoat of red, black and blue striped spun-rayon with double bow-ties. About $4.00 at Mandel Bros., Chicago. For a cozier robe, soft dove-suede rayon with contrasting rayon satin at sash and neck-bow. About $7.00 at Saks Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Anybody's at ease in the new Bias-Cup bra. Clever straight-cut bands inside the bias-cut portion uplift and space sleekly eliminating all strain. Satin, about $1.50; batiste, about $1.00 at H. P. Wasson & Co., Indianapolis; Rollman & Sons, Cincinnati.

PAGING VENUS

Face Fall—and find a new cosmetic color scheme to complement subtle costume shades. Since clothes can only be the frame, see that the focus—your face—which means your skin, primarily, is groomed to smooth perfection. Try a new coiffure. Recondition your hair to high-shining loveliness that does right by a new hat. Resolve to carry out faithfully Fashion's first commandment—: a regular routine of beauty care!

When your face needs a lift, Tecor Liquated Cold Cream Cloths are the idea. You'll find these saturated little pads delightfully cooling, definitely cleansing. Individually packaged, each in its own little tinfoil envelope, as shown above, so you can carry a couple right along in your purse. One dollar buys a package of sixty at leading department stores everywhere.

After a summer's exposure, your skin needs gentle coddling to counteract the drying effect of Old Sol and prepare for cold weather. Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream cleanses, softens, helps refine pores and serves as a powder-base. Several sizes, from ten cents at chain stores to the ten-ounces-plus jar at $1.38. Drug or department stores everywhere sell these cosmetics.

To be ultra-fastidious, try a deodorant that's perfumed. There's a new one by Karess that gives your skin a lovely, fresh aura. Pat it on after bathing or immediately after using a depilatory. It's non-irritant and won't injure fabrics. Comes in a nice cologne-like two-ounce bottle for fifty cents. You'll find it at your favorite department store or drug counter. Highly recommended.

Somebody very smart has designed a clever comb cleaner plus brush cleaner, all in one. You see it above. Of sturdy metal with a nice ivory enamel finish and the bristles in the rotating wheel part are fine and durable. Solo Comb Brush Cleaner really does its job. A dime is all you pay. Solo's on sale at all of the leading chain stores or drug stores in principal cities everywhere.

Take a bath in perfumed bubbles and you'll feel like a siren. Ask for Dancing Bubble Bath at any chain store. There are three scents: gardenia, wisteria and fragrant pine. Not at all extravagant, either. Each package has five separate packets, all for ten cents. Packages of fifteen are a quarter and there is enough for *twenty* bubble baths in the thirty-nine cent package!

Lipstick shades go deeper to blend with Fall costume colors. You'll like a prophetic new shade by Primrose House, called Burgundy. It's deeply crimson, like the petals of a red, red rose. Creamy-soft, and you'll marvel at the way it lasts. The nicest part about Burgundy, though, is how well it suits either blondes or brunettes! One dollar at cosmetic counters and drug stores.

Where to Find School for Smartness Fashions

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Fur Jacket by Allan Blond
ALLIANCE—*Erlanger Dry Goods*
BOSTON—*R. H. White Co.*
CANTON—*Erlanger Dry Goods Co.*
EAST LIVERPOOL—*William Erlanger Company, Inc.*
MILWAUKEE—*Herman's*
NEW YORK—*Gimbel Brothers*
NEW YORK—*R. H. Macy & Co.*
STREATOR—*Opdycke's*

Bags by Elanbee, Inc.
CINCINNATI—*The John Shillito Co.*
INDIANAPOLIS—*L. S. Ayres & Co.*
OAKLAND—*The H. C. Capwell Co.*

Gloves by Sand & Siman
BOSTON—*C. F. Hovey Co.*
BOSTON—*R. H. Stearns*
BRIDGEPORT—*D. G. Howland*
BRIDGEPORT—*Meigs & Co., Inc.*
BROOKLYN—*Namm Dept. Store*
CHICAGO—*The Boston Store*
HARTFORD—*G. Fox & Co.*
NEWARK—*L. Bamberger & Co.*
PITTSBURGH—*Gimbel Brothers*
PROVIDENCE, R. I.—*The Shepard Co.*

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Fly-front Coat by Julius Nelson Corp.
BUFFALO—*Sattler's, Inc.*
DENVER—*Neusteters Suit Co., Inc.*
INDIANAPOLIS—*Wm. H. Block Company*
PHILADELPHIA—*Lit Brothers, Inc.*
ST. LOUIS—*Famous-Barr Co.*

Visor Hat by Sperling & Spector, Inc.
BOSTON—*Jordan Marsh Co.*
CHICAGO—*Samuel Katz Co.*
CINCINNATI—*The John Shillito Co.*
CLEVELAND—*The May Co.*
DAYTON—*The Rike-Kumler Co.*
DENVER—*Denver Dry Goods Co.*
DENVER—*The May Co.*
DES MOINES—*Younker Bros.*
DETROIT—*J. L. Hudson Co.*
LOS ANGELES—*Bullock's, Inc.*
LOS ANGELES—*The May Company*
MINNEAPOLIS—*The Dayton Co.*
MINNEAPOLIS—*John W. Thomas Co.*
MILWAUKEE—*Ed. Schuster & Co., Inc.*
NEW YORK—*R. H. Macy & Co.*
OAKLAND—*Capwell, Sullivan & Furth*
PITTSBURGH—*Kauffman's*
PORTLAND—*Meier and Frank*
RICHMOND—*Thalhimer Bros., Inc.*
SACRAMENTO—*Hale Brothers*
ST. LOUIS—*Famous-Barr Co.*
ST. LOUIS—*Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.*
ST. PAUL—*Emporium, Inc.*
ST. PAUL—*Golden Rule Dept. Store*
SALT LAKE CITY—*Paris Co.*
SAN FRANCISCO—*The Emporium, Inc.*
SAN FRANCISCO—*The White House*
SEATTLE—*Bon Marche*
SEATTLE—*Frederick & Nelson*
WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*

Muff-'n-Coat by Philip Shlansky & Bros., Inc.
CHICAGO—*Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.*
CINCINNATI—*The John Shillito Co.*
CLEVELAND—*Wm. Taylor Son & Co.*
COLUMBUS—*The F. & R. Lazarus & Co.*
DENVER—*Denver Dry Goods Co.*
LOS ANGELES—*Bullock's, Inc.*
MEMPHIS—*J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.*
MIAMI—*Burdine's, Inc.*
MINNEAPOLIS—*The Dayton Co.*
SAN FRANCISCO—*The Emporium*
SEATTLE—*Frederick & Nelson*
WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*

Padre Brim by Sperling & Spector, Inc.
See preceding list Page 53

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Bonnet Brim by Leighton Hat Co.
Write for store names

Tailored Topper by Sperling & Spector, Inc.
See Preceding List—Page 53

Backward Beret by Sperling & Spector, Inc.
See Preceding List—Page 53

Pompadour Pillbox by Brandt Millinery, Inc.
BOSTON—*Jordan Marsh Co.*
CHICAGO—*Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.*
CINCINNATI—*The John Shillito Co.*
CLEVELAND—*Wm. Taylor Son & Co.*
DULUTH—*Oreck's, Inc.*
LINCOLN—*Gold & Co.*
NEW YORK—*R. H. Macy & Co.*
PITTSBURGH—*Joseph Horne Co.*
PORTLAND, Ore.—*Meier and Frank*
ST. LOUIS—*Famous-Barr Co.*
SAN FRANCISCO—*Livingston's*
SEATTLE—*Best's Apparel*

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"Georgiana" Dress by Tabin-Picker & Co.
CHICAGO—*Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.*
CINCINNATI—*The John Shillito Co.*
CLEVELAND—*May Co.*
COLUMBUS—*The F. & R. Lazarus Co.*
KANSAS CITY, Mo.—*Kline's*
MILWAUKEE—*Ed. Schuster & Co., Inc.*
ST. LOUIS—*Famous-Barr Co.*

Solid Color Dress by Sacson Co.
Write for store names

PAGE 57

Carol Craig Dress by Carol Craig Fashions
ATLANTA—*J. M. High & Co.*
CINCINNATI—*Mabley & Carew Co.*
DETROIT—*Crowly-Milner & Co.*
LOS ANGELES—*Broadway Department Store, Inc.*
MILWAUKEE—*Ed. Schuster & Co.*
PROVIDENCE—*Outlet Co.*
ST. PAUL—*Golden Rule Dept. Store*
SEATTLE—*Frederick & Nelson*

Hat by Brandt Millinery, Inc.
See Preceding List—Page 54

Bag by Goldberg & Seltzer, Inc.
ATLANTA—*Rich's, Inc.*
CLEVELAND—*Higbee Co. Dept. Store*
LOS ANGELES—*The May Company*
NEW ORLEANS—*Maison Blanche Co.*
PHILADELPHIA—*John Wanamaker*
PITTSBURGH—*Joseph Horne Co.*
ST. LOUIS—*Famous-Barr Co.*

Wear-Right Gloves by Wimelbacher & Rice
BALTIMORE—*Hutzler Bros.*
CHICAGO—*The Fair, Inc.*
DAYTON—*The Elder Johnston Co.*
LITTLE ROCK—*Guss Blass Company*
LOUISVILLE—*H. P. Selmon & Co.*
PITTSBURGH—*Joseph Horne Co.*
MUNCIE—*Ball Stores, Inc.*
NEW YORK—*Bloomingdale Bros.*

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Corduroy Coat by Cambridge Clothes, Ltd.
ANN ARBOR—*Jacobson's*
BALTIMORE—*Hutzler Bros.*
BATTLE CREEK—*Jacobson Stores*
BOSTON—*Wm. Filene's Sons Company*
BOSTON—*R. H. White Company*
BRIDGEPORT—*Jean Wise Young*
BROOKLYN—*Abraham & Straus*
CINCINNATI—*The John Shillito Co.*
CLEVELAND—*Wm. Taylor Sons & Co.*
COLUMBUS—*The F. & R. Lazarus Co.*
DAYTON—*The Rike-Kumler Company*
DETROIT—*The J. L. Hudson Company*
FORT WAYNE—*The Paris*
GRAND RAPIDS—*Helen Henry Shop*
GRAND RAPIDS—*Hutner's Bon Marche*
JACKSON—*Jacobson's Stores, Inc.*
INDIANAPOLIS—*L. S. Ayres & Co.*
LOS ANGELES—*Bullock's*
MIAMI—*Burdine's, Inc.*
MIAMI—*Richard's*
MILWAUKEE—*Boston Store*
MILWAUKEE—*Herzfeld Phillipson Co.*
MINNEAPOLIS—*The Dayton Co.*
MONTGOMERY—*Nachman & Meertief*
NEWPORT NEWS-*Nachman's Dept. Store*
NEW YORK—*Bloomingdale Bros.*
OAKLAND—*The H. C. Capwell Company*
PHILADELPHIA—*Strawbridge & Clothier*
PITTSBURGH—*Joseph Horne Co.*
RICHMOND—*Thalhimer's*
ROCHESTER—*B. Forman Company*
ST. LOUIS—*Stix Baer & Fuller*
SAN FRANCISCO—*The Emporium*

Matching Plaid Skirt by Jack Schnittman, Inc.
Same stores as for Corduroy Coat

Ball-and-Chain Bracelet by Silson Inc.
BALTIMORE—*Hochschild, Kohn & Co.*
MEMPHIS—*Phil A. Halle-Woolf Bros.*
PORTLAND, Ore.—*Meier and Frank*
NEWARK—*L. Bamberger & Co.*
NEW YORK—*Saks Fifth Avenue*
WASHINGTON—*Frank R. Jeleff, Inc.*

Date Bracelet by Silson, Inc.
ABILENE—*Miller Perkins Co.*
ALBANY—*Flah & Co.*
ATLANTA—*Rich's, Inc.*
BOSTON—*C. Crawford Hollidge, Ltd.*
CHICAGO—*Mandel Brothers*
CHICAGO—*Scott Burr Stores Corp.*
CHICAGO—*Charles A. Stevens & Bros.*
COLUMBUS—*Robert's Cloak House*
DAYTON—*The Rike-Kumler Company*
DENVER—*Neusteters Suit Co., Inc.*
FORT WORTH—*W. C. Stripling Co.*
MINNEAPOLIS—*The Dayton Co.*
NEW YORK—*Best & Company*
PHILADELPHIA—*Gimbel Bros., Inc.*
PITTSBURGH—*Gimbel Bros., Inc.*
PORTLAND, Ore.—*Meier and Frank*

Mitten by Wimelbacher & Rice
See Preceding List—Page 57

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Kneecap Skirt by Arrowhead Playclothes Corp.
Write for store names

Sweater by Renart Sportswear, Inc.
CHICAGO—*Kremer's Palmer House*
CINCINNATI—*Jenney Co.*
DETROIT—*D. J. Healy Shops*
INDIANAPOLIS—*L. Strauss & Co., Inc.*
NORFOLK—*Rice's Fashion Corner, Inc.*
PITTSBURGH—*Gimbel Brothers*
PORTLAND, Maine—*Owen Moore & Co.*

Schoolbook Necklace by D. Lisner & Co.
See List—Page 59

Gadget Bag by Lesco Ltd.
ALLENTOWN—*Hess Bros.*
BALTIMORE—*Hochschild Kohn & Co.*
INDIANAPOLIS—*Wm. H. Block Co.*
NEWARK—*L. Bamberger & Co.*
NEW YORK—*Franklin Simon & Co.*
PHILADELPHIA—*The Blum Store*
WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*

Corduroy Jumper and Plaid Blouse by Dainty Mfg. Co.
ATLANTA—*Davison Paxon Co.*
BOSTON—*Wm. Filene's Sons Co.*
BROOKLYN—*Frederick Loeser & Co.*
CHICAGO—*Chas. A. Stevens Bros. Co.*
DAYTON—*The Elder Johnston Co.*
DETROIT—*Himelhoch Bros.*
DETROIT—*Ernest Kern Co.*
MILWAUKEE—*Gimbel Brothers*
MILWAUKEE—*Ed. Schuster & Co., Inc.*
NEWARK—*L. Bamberger & Co.*
NEW YORK—*James McCreery & Co.*
PORTLAND, Ore.—*Charles F. Berg*
PROVIDENCE—*Cherry & Webb Co.*
ROCHESTER—*McCurdy & Co., Inc.*
ST. LOUIS—*Kline's, Inc.*
ST. LOUIS—*Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney*
ST. PAUL—*Field Schlick Company*
ST. PAUL—*Golden Rule Dept. Store*
SPRINGFIELD—*Forbes & Wallace*

Bracelet by D. Lisner & Co.
ATLANTA—*Rich's, Inc.*
BALTIMORE—*Hutzler Bros.*
COLUMBUS—*F. & R. Lazarus Co.*
DALLAS—*Sanger Bros.*
FLINT—*Herbert N. Bush, Inc.*
INDIANAPOLIS—*H. & S. Pogue Co.*
LOS ANGELES—*J. W. Robinson Co.*
LOS ANGELES—*The May Company*
NEW ORLEANS—*D. H. Holmes Co.*
NEW YORK—*R. H. Macy & Co.*
NEW YORK—*Saks Fifth Avenue*
PITTSBURGH—*Gimbel Brothers*
PORTLAND, Ore.—*Lipman Wolfe Co.*

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Butcher Boy Pajamas by Sussberg & Feinberg, Inc.
CHARLOTTE—*Efird's Dept. Store*
DALLAS—*Volk Bros. Co.*
DETROIT—*The J. L. Hudson Company*
FT. WORTH—*W. C. Stripling Co.*
HARTFORD—*Sage Allen & Co.*
LOS ANGELES—*Bullock's*
NEW YORK—*Bonwit Teller, Inc.*
PHILADELPHIA—*Lit Bros.*
SAN FRANCISCO—*City of Paris*
WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Julius Garfinckel Co.*

Joan Kenley Striped Housecoat by Mitchell & Weber, Inc.
CHICAGO—*Mandel Bros.*
NEW YORK—*James McCreery & Co.*

Saybury Housecoat by Saybury, Inc.
DES MOINES—*Younker Bros., Inc.*
LOS ANGELES—*Bullock's*
MINNEAPOLIS—*The Dayton Co.*
NEW YORK—*Stern Brothers*
NEW YORK—*Franklin Simon & Co.*
NEW YORK—*Saks Fifth Avenue*

Dagwood (Arthur Lake) and Blondie (Penny Singleton) celebrate a birthday. Their latest picture is "Blondie Plays Cupid."

Bias-Cup Bra by Model Brassieres
AKRON—*M. O'Neil Company*
BALTIMORE—*Hochschild, Kohn & Co.*
BIRMINGHAM—*Louis Pizitz Dry Goods Co.*
BOSTON—*Jordan Marsh Co.*
BUFFALO—*Adam Meldrum and Anderson*
CINCINNATI—*Rollman & Sons*
CLEVELAND—*May Co.*
DALLAS—*A. Harris*
DAYTON—*The Elder Johnston Co.*
HARTFORD—*Wise-Smith & Co.*
LOUISVILLE—*Kaufman-Straus Co.*
PHILADELPHIA—*Strawbridge & Clothier*
PITTSBURGH—*Gimbel Brothers*
ROCHESTER—*Sibley, Lindsay & Curr*

OTHER RECOMMENDED STORES

ANNISTON—*Berman's*
AUBURN—*Kalet's*
BALTIMORE—*The Hub*
CAMDEN—*King's Dept. Store*
BOSTON—*Chandler & Company*
BUFFALO—*Russell Jay, Inc.*
CHARLOTTESVILLE—*Levy's Fashion Shop*
DAVENPORT—*Scharff's*
DENVER—*Daniels & Fisher Store & Co.*
FARGO—*C. E. Shotwell*
GLOVERSVILLE—*Argersinger's*
HARTFORD—*Sage-Allen & Co.*
HARTFORD—*Wise Smith Co.*
HOLLYWOOD—*Harry Cooper*
KNOXVILLE—*S. H. George & Sons*
LIBERTY—*Keller's Daylight Dept. Store*
LINCOLN—*Magee's Inc.*
LOS ANGELES—*Franklin's Department Stores*
LOS ANGELES—*J. W. Robinson Co.*
MACON—*Burden Smith & Co.*
MANCHESTER—*Pariseau's, Inc.*
MIDDLETOWN—*L. Stern Co.*
NEWBURGH—*John Schoonmaker & Son*
NIAGARA FALLS—*Betty Shop*
NORFOLK—*David A. Rawls, Inc.*
OKLAHOMA CITY—*D. E. Peyton Co.*
OMAHA—*Goldstein Chapman Co.*
OSWEGO—*M. J. McDonald & Co.*
PETERSBURG—*Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.*
PHILADELPHIA—*Gimbel Brothers*
PHILADELPHIA—*Strawbridge & Clothier*
PITTSBURGH—*Frank E. Seder*
PLATTSBURG—*David Merkel*
PORTLAND—*Charles F. Berg*
RALEIGH—*Taylor Furnishing Co.*
ROANOKE—*B. Forman & Sons*
ROCHESTER—*E. W. Edwards & Sons*
RUTLAND—*Claude Pitcher Co.*
SARANAC LAKE—*W. C. Leonard & Co.*
SCHENECTADY—*H. S. Barney Co.*
SEATTLE—*Rhodes Dept. Store*
STAMFORD—*H. Frankel & Sons*
STAMFORD—*Mantell & Martin*
TAMPA—*O. Falk's Dept. Store*
TOLEDO—*Meyer Jonasson's*
UTICA—*Frank T. Howard Co.*
WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Kaplowitz Bros. Inc.*
WHEELING—*Geo. E. Stifel Co.*
YAKIMA—*W. E. Draper, Inc.*

A Popular Indoor

Leave it to Earl Carroll! At his Theatre-Restaurant in Hollywood, he nightly presents a gay and hilarious number called, "Who'll Lace Her Corset?" Guests are asked to lace Jean Tighe's corset. As it's a rendezvous for celebrities, there's scarcely a night goes by without some well known male star being called up, usually much to his embarrassment, and asked to lace the shapely Jean. It's all in good fun and the stars are always good sports about entering into the merriment. On this page you see Jimmy Stewart and Harry Ritz trying their hand at it; Charles Winninger becoming quite entangled; Edward Arnold considerably determined; and Billy Gilbert and Hugh Herbert succeeding very well. On the opposite page Producer Gene Markey and Ty Power seem to be making a dance out of it; Henry Fonda and Walter Pidgeon go about it in workmanlike fashion; Jack Oakie and Cesar Romero try their darndest; and Billy Gilbert and Edgar Bergen convulse comely Jean Tighe.

Lacing the Girl in the Corset at Earl Carroll's Theatre-Restaurant has become quite the pastime!

Sport in Hollywood

Reviews

Direct From Hollywood

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

COSTUME CLASSIC—*M-G-M*

DON'T say that costume pictures can't be hits. Because this screen version of Jane Austen's classic of long ago, is a *decided hit*. The big excitement of this picture, however, is Greer Garson. Greer was so lovely as Mrs. Chips, and then her stock went into a definite decline, but as Elizabeth Bennett she gives a performance that will put her right up there on top again. Greer has that "womanly" quality that no other actress in Hollywood has. The story, as you know, is all about the middle class Bennett family in Nineteenth Century England, and how poor distracted Mrs. Bennett, with five unmarried daughters, manages to marry them all off. It's grand fun, and don't let the rustle of those voluminous Victorian skirts throw you off. The Bennett girls are Greer, Maureen O'Sullivan, Ann Rutherford, Marsha Hunt, and Heather Angel. The scheming Mrs. Bennett is played by Mary Boland, and Edmund Gwenn is Papa Bennett. Handsome Laurence Olivier has the leading male role of Mr. Darcy, and his romance with Elizabeth Bennett is something new in romances. Excellent in comedy parts are Edna May Oliver as the snobbish Lady Catherine, and Melville Cooper as Mr. Collins. Others in the perfect cast are Frieda Inescort, Bruce Lester, E. E. Clive, and Edward Ashley.

THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT

DOUBLY SWELL—*Warners*

GEORGE RAFT and Ann Sheridan are teamed romantically in this smash-hit melodrama, but it's Ida Lupino who wraps the picture up and takes it home with her. Ida plays a neurotic young woman who finally becomes insane, and plays it so effectively that just watching her makes goose pimples break out. Her final breakdown on the witness stand is a sensationally outstanding scene, and one that you will long remember. There is no doubt about it, Ida Lupino, after eight years in Hollywood, has come into her own at last. The story is all about truck drivers whose huge trucks ply the highways from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Attention is centered on Raft and Humphrey Bogart, the Fabrini Brothers, who after years of being just one step ahead of loan sharks, finally become heads of a big trucking company. The picture has an exciting climax wherein Raft is tried for the murder of his boss, Alan Hale, and is just about to get the chair when Ida goes nuts and confesses. Comely Miss Ann is excellent in several wisecracking scenes in the first of the picture, but gets completely over-shadowed by the volatile Miss Lupino in the last. A swell gutsy picture, this.

GOLD RUSH MAISIE

GRAND PERFORMING BY ANN SOTHERN—*M-G-M*

ANN SOTHERN again plays Maisie in the third of the Maisie series, and that alone makes it well worth your time. The story itself is not so hot, unfortunately, but Ann's performance is really something to rave about. This time common, good-hearted Maisie finds herself stranded in an Arizona town, no job, no car, no nothing. She meets up with a poor migratory family and travels with them in their broken-down car to a ghost town where gold has been discovered. The gold rush is a fluke, but Maisie stands by her little family until they have found a way of making a livelihood out of the soil. Lee Bowman plays a grouchy

Frances Farmer, in a scene of temptation in a tropical setting, attempts to learn whether or not Jon Hall is made of the sterner stuff. It's from "South of Pago-Pago."

Ida Lupino, who steals the picture, and Alan Hale let loose with the laughter in "They Drive By Night," which also has Ann Sheridan and George Raft.

Greer Garson, Ann Rutherford, Maureen O'Sullivan, Heather Angel and Marsha Hunt, as the Bennett Sisters, on their way to bed in the recommended "Pride and Prejudice."

young man who wants to be alone in the ghost town, but after several run-ins and heated battles with Maisie, he not only learns to smile, but learns to like people. Mary Nash, John F. Hamilton, Virginia Weidler, Scotty Beckett and a cute baby called Gladys make up Maisie's migratory family. The stand-out scene in the picture is when Ann, to ward off a cold gets herself beautifully plastered.

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE

SCREWBALL SATIRE—*RKO*

RIGHT merry indeed is this adaptation of George Abbott's Broadway hit, which in turn was adapted, most freely, from Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors." It's a modern farce set in the locale of ancient Ephesus, and its idea is to show that men and women and politicians enjoyed the same civilization, as well as the same graft, in those days as they do now. Droll Charles Butterworth steals the show as the Duke of Ephesus and some of his policies bear a startling resemblance to those of F.D.R. The story tells how twin brothers Antipholus of Syracuse and Antipholus of Ephesus (*both played by Allan Jones*), separated in babyhood, finally meet up with each other in Ephesus. Both have twin slaves named Dromio (*both parts played by Joe Penner*). Complications arise over the pretty wife of Antipholus of Ephesus (*Irene Hervey*) who can't tell her lawful spouse from her brother-in-law, and also over the female slave of the household (*Martha Raye*) who can't tell one Dromio from the other. The comedy is fast and furious, and if you've been wanting something different in pictures this is it. The trumpet fanfares, blown in swingtime, alone are worth the price of admission. Rosemary Lane plays the sister who falls in love with the Antipholus from Syracuse. She and Allan Jones sing the Rodgers and Hart songs beautifully, especially "This Can't Be Love." Alan Mowbray and Eric Blore, as a couple of tailors, contribute to the comedy.

SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO

ADONIS JON HALL RETURNS—*United Artists*

THE white men are disturbing the peace of the South Seas again. Something ought to be done about keeping these nasty white men out of the South Seas, a law ought to be passed, or something. This time it's Victor McLaglen, Douglas Dumbrille and Francis Ford who move in on the poor natives and force them to burst their lungs out diving for pearls. Frances Farmer, one of those hard-boiled waterfront gals, is used as the "allure," and she tricks good looking young Kehane, the boss of the island of Manoa, into a honeymoon with her on a neighboring island so Victor and the boys can coerce the natives with gin and guns. Frances repents, just in time, falls honestly in love with the stalwart Kehane, and catches a bullet meant for him. Jon Hall as Kehane is handsome, indeed, and will start many a feminine heart fluttering. This is his first big part since "Hurricane."

Anita Louise and Margaret Hamilton in a typical scene from "The Villain Still Pursued Her," a hilarious comedy which encourages the audience to boo and hiss if it wishes.

THE GREAT McGINTY

A SPANKING FOR POLITICS—*Paramount*

HERE'S a rowdy, rough and tumble, smash hit that takes a good punch at corruption in American politics. It's loud, but it's funny, and a good time will be had by all. Brian Donlevy plays Dan McGinty, a grafting roughneck who becomes Governor of a State, and has to flee to Latin America before the people catch up with him. It's a wonderful part for Donlevy, a swell actor, and he makes the most of it. Akim Tamiroff plays the political boss of the State whose

[*Continued on page* 98]

Pictures on the Fire!

By Dick Mook

Visits to the various Hollywood sets to watch and listen to them make the important forthcoming productions and to chat with the stars who are appearing in them

ON ONE of the hottest days of the year I start my trek around the studios and, of course, with the usual Mook perspicacity I have to choose—

Warner Brothers

BEING located in "The Valley" it is hotter here than anywhere else. But, at least, the temperature is in keeping with the locale of the picture I see. "John Doe" (*the new Frank Capra production*), starring Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck, is just starting today so that will wait.

"The Letter," starring Bette Davis, is laid in a South Seas locale and you can just see the heat oozing in between the bamboo screens over the windows.

Bette has just been acquitted of murder, but in order to get her acquitted, James Stephenson (*her lawyer*) has had to pay $10,000 for an incriminating letter she had written the murdered man. As he and Bette are discussing it, her husband (*Herbert Marshall*) comes into the room. He has made plans to buy a new house, thinking it will get Bette's mind off the ordeal she went through in their old home (*where she killed the man*). Stephenson tells him he won't have any money to buy a new place because he has had to pay $10,000 for the letter. Marshall can't understand it at first, but then the truth begins to dawn on him and he demands to see the letter. Bette realizes she is trapped and she motions Stephenson to show it to him. Marshall reads it and turns to Bette, known in the film as Leslie.

"What does it mean?"

"It means I was in love with Geoff Hammond," she replies tonelessly. "We'd been in love for years. I used to meet him constantly—once or twice a week. We had times and places we knew were safe. We planned it so carefully not a soul had the slightest suspicion. Every time we met I hated myself for it, and yet I lived for the moment I'd see him again. It was horrible. There was never an hour when I was at peace—when I wasn't reproaching myself. I was like a person who's sick with some loathsome disease and doesn't want to get well.

Left: **A highly dramatic scene about an engagement ring between Lucille Ball and Maureen O'Hara in "Dance, Girl, Dance."** ***Below:*** **James Stephenson, Herbert Marshall and Bette Davis in a scene from "The Letter" which is described here in full.** ***Right:*** **Frances Farmer and John Garfield enact a comedy scene for "Flowing Gold."**

Even my agony was a kind of joy. . . . Then came a time when he began to change toward me. I didn't know what was the matter. I was frantic. I made scenes—threw myself at his feet."

"Leslie!" Marshall groans, unable to bear it.

"Then I heard about that—native woman," she rushes on monotonously. "I couldn't believe it. At last I saw her. I saw her walking in the village with those hideous spangles and that chalky face and eyes like a cobra's. Then I knew how she'd taken him away—how she held him—those eyes." She rises. "I couldn't give him up. You've read the letter. We'd always been so careful about writing, but this time I didn't care. He came and I told him I knew about his marriage. At first he denied it, but I insulted him and cursed him. I was beside myself. At last he turned on me and told me he was sick and tired of me—that it was true about the other woman. He said he was glad I knew because now I'd leave him alone. Then I—I hardly know what happened. I seized the revolver and fired. He gave a cry and I saw I'd hit him. He staggered to the verandah. I ran after him and fired and fired until there were no more cartridges."

Through the long recital she never once looks at him—her eyes darting here and there—at the ceiling—out through the window—down to the floor. Only at the last she turns and faces him squarely: "That's what happened. . . . And I have no excuse for myself. I don't deserve to live."

It's one of the longest scenes I've ever seen filmed and how she plays it! Every performance of Bette's is a creation of art, but in this one she reaches her peak.

* * *

NEXT door is a sort of municipal playground, outside a settlement house. This is for "City For Conquest," the James Cagney-Ann Sheridan starrer. A dance is in progress (*and you never saw such jitterbugging in your life*) when Cagney and Ann appear. He has just won a fight and is hailed as the future lightweight champion. Ann is his fiancée and she wants him to turn pro. But Cagney has dreams of the future and they're not the dreams of a prizefighter.

How the picture will turn out one never knows, but this is the best script Cagney has had in many a moon. He always gives a bang-up performance and no one who saw Ann in "Torrid Zone" can question her ability to act. In addition there are Frank Craven, Donald Crisp, Frank McHugh, Blanche Yurka and a newcomer from New York—Arthur Kennedy.

When they were casting the picture someone mentioned Kennedy. "Who's he?" Cagney asked.

"Well," he was told, "George M. Cohan says he's the finest young actor on the American stage."

"That's enough for me," said Jim. "Bring him out." So-o, meet Mr. Kennedy.

He's a pleasant young chap, about five feet ten, reddish blond hair, around twenty-five and totally unlike an actor.

* * *

I WISH Mr. Kennedy luck, say goodbye to Jim and Ann and proceed to the next stage where "Flowing Gold," starring John Garfield and Pat O'Brien, is shooting. Frances Farmer is the girl and, apparently, is making big strides on the comeback trail.

This scene is right at the beginning of the picture, where John and Frances meet for the first time. Her car is mired in the mud and the wheel is spinning without finding any traction. She tries to pry it out with a board and falls in the mud. Then she hears a chuckle. She looks up angrily and there is John, grinning at her.

"I suppose it's funny!" she snaps.

"Well, I'm *laughing," he snickers.*

She ignores him and attempts to wipe the streaks from her face, making it worse.

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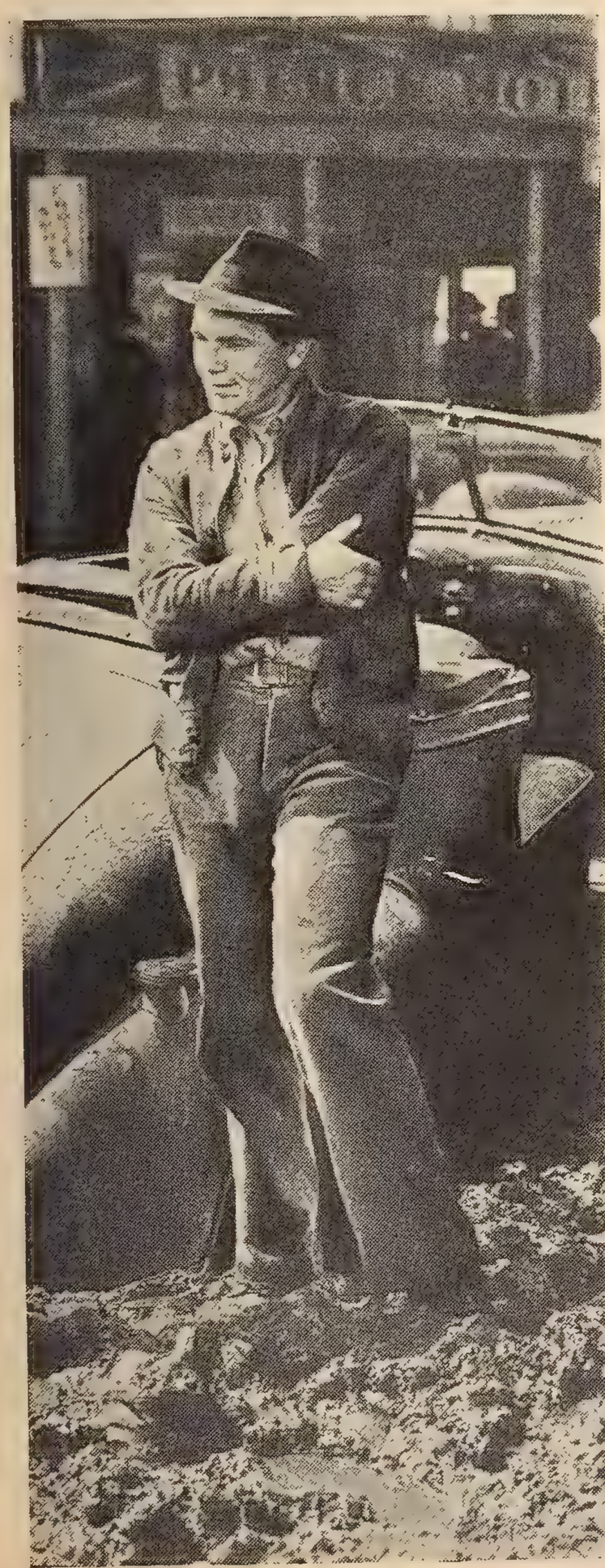

Below: **Rita Hayworth, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Thomas Mitchell, Constance Worth, Richard Bond and John Qualen in a scene from "Before I Die," written, directed and produced by Ben Hecht.** ***Right:*** **Don Ameche getting a tremendous kick out of Betty Grable's riding habit in "Down Argentine Way," in which Alice Faye was to appear.**

Topics For Gossip

[Continued from page 21]

within her means. When she first came to town and was working at the Fox studio, Margaret went to work on the bus—which is unheard of in the film city. It wasn't until she had the actual cash in the bank that she dashed out and bought herself a very modest car. It has been that way with everything Margaret has owned—cash on the line. So, she is doubly proud of the new house she has just bought, a very charming but unpretentious house, which serves as a background for her family and herself—but also a house which, should her income suddenly be decreased, she could maintain comfortably for the rest of her life. Smart girl, Maggie.

Patsy Kelly, making "Road Show," her first picture since her return to Hollywood, found herself playing opposite George E. Stone, who is cast as her Indian lover. Patsy was so overcome at the sight of Georgie, all done up in his Indian finery, she blew up in her lines for the first hour of shooting. On the screen those two will be a riot!

WHEN the "They Knew What They Wanted" company had to go to Napa, California, for a two weeks' location trip most of the company lived in tents. But Carole Lombard decided that tenting was not to her liking, and in as much as there wasn't a hotel in Napa she stayed at a ranch nearby. Every night when she came back to the ranch for dinner after a day on location she noticed that she was waited on by a different servant. On the fourth night, when she noticed the fourth change in servants, she began to get uneasy. "Is there something wrong about me?" she asked. "Aren't these good people able to keep their servants now that I'm here. Servant problems are bad enough in Hollywood, but I never heard of four changes in four nights before."

Finally, the ranch owner put her wise. Seems as if all the gals in town wanted to get a close look at a Hollywood movie star, and particularly of Mr. Clark Gable's wife, so they arranged to take turns serving her. "They're the daughters of the social elite of Napa," the rancher told her. "The bank president's daughter served your soup tonight."

Jeffrey Lynn who is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, has been night clubbing of late with Dana Dale, New York actress, under contract to Paramount.

When it comes to making pictures Ann Sheridan is one of the busiest girls in this town. Ann had exactly twenty minutes off between "City of Conquest" and "Honeymoon for Three"—during which time she got a shampoo. The production schedule of "Honeymoon for Three" allowed her to have one whole day off, so what do you think Ann did with her one day off? She drove into the studio, on one of the hottest days of the summer, and had lunch with George Brent in the Green Room. It must be love.

Humphrey Bogart always introduces his attractive wife, Mayo Methot, as "Slugie." She calls him "Bogie."

It seems that one of Miss Hepburn's secret desires was to meet Bette Davis all the while she was in Hollywood, but Katy being the hermit type the two girls never met. But now that Hepburn is back in Hollywood again she immediately "looked up" someone who was a friend of Bette's (that wouldn't be difficult, everyone is) *and invited Bette to tea. The two stars hit it off beautifully.*

The best laughs in Hollywood these days are to be found on the "Honeymoon for Three" set where Charlie Ruggles' part in the picture calls for him to teach Ann Sheridan the rhumba. Of course, Ann knows everything there is to know about the rhumba, and Charlie knows from nothing, so Ann has to teach Charlie who then has to teach her.

Left: Grace MacDonald, Broadway singing and dancing sensation, makes her screen debut for Paramount in "Dancing On A Dime." *Lower left:* Bewhiskered Bill Holden with girl friend, Brenda Marshall, at "Sea Hawk" preview. *Below:* Greer Garson obliging at "Pride and Prejudice" preview.

Richard Carlson, Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, Ann Miller, Hal LeRoy, Frances Langford and Eddie Bracken who'll appear in the lively screen version of "Too Many Girls," the smash-hit Broadway musical comedy

Rudy Vallee was appearing in the New York Strand when Jeffrey Lynn made a personal appearance in connection with "My Love Came Back." They had a merry time.

Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton, co-starring in "They Knew What They Wanted," for RKO, have a spirited, but friendly argument between scenes. It'll be a great film.

One of the reasons for the recent improvement in Bing Crosby's golf game is that he's now a member of the Southern California Caddies Association, and plays a match game with the caddies twice weekly.

Cary Grant, who is now appearing in "Philadelphia Story," opposite Katharine Hepburn at Metro, is taking a terrific kidding from the people at that studio. Seems that there was no vacancy in the men's dressing room building, so poor Cary was given a dressing room in the ladies' dressing room building, and has for his very close neighbors Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald, and Katharine Hepburn. Katie, of course, didn't miss an opportunity to call him "Sissy."

Katharine Hepburn is terribly pleased because she has taken on twelve pounds since she returned to Hollywood. All day on the set she drinks iced coffee with lots of cream in it, and golden bear cookies. We'd be as big as a house by now.

Laraine Day has the ideal way of keeping in trim. Every Sunday she rents a bicycle and pedals her way down to Santa Monica beach—more than an hour of good bicycling.

One of the best performances given in Hollywood was given by Lana Turner and Artie Shaw on the stage of the broadcasting studio a few minutes before the Burns and Allen program. (*Shaw is now on the Burns and Allen program, if you don't follow your radio.*) Lana was right down there beside Artie to wish him luck on his first broadcast. When a photographer asked her quite casually if she was planning a divorce, she said she was, and right away, so then Lana and Artie took lovey dovey pictures to announce their divorce.

Tag on "The Great Profile" will have John Barrymore in a close-up addressing the audience with, "Any similarity between my character in 'The Great Profile' and myself is purely coincidental." They say it's one of the funniest pictures of the year.

Don't let Mickey Rooney's size fool you, if you're thinking of picking a fight. Mickey may not be as tall as the other guys, but he is both strong and acrobatic. Recently, he decided to learn jiu-jitsu. "They tell me jiu-jitsu is a great equalizer of size," says Mickey. "I think I'll take a couple of lessons and then dare Gable to take a punch at me."

Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 69]

"You'll never do it that way, Freckle-nose," he admonishes her. "She'll just slip back in."

"I know what I'm doing, thank you," she barks. "I've been stuck before."

"Look," says John good humoredly, "suppose you climb in the car and let me do this my way. Or—if you like it better here—"

She gets in the car without a word. John pretends it's a difficult job, but he finally gets it out. "Lucky for you I came along. I don't usually go to so much trouble for people."

"Pretty smart, aren't you?" comments Miss Farmer as only Miss Farmer can.

"Just like a dame," John grins. "Do a favor and get bawled out."

"Oh, I'll pay you," she begins.

"Who says anything about pay?" he cuts her short. "But if you're going to the oil fields you can give me a lift."

And from such simple beginnings a great love is born.

This is John's first picture since his recent ill-fated stage venture.

"Yah," I jeer. "The great thespian."

"Listen, wise guy," John cracks. "Button up your lip. I knew the play wouldn't be any good, but it served its purpose. At least, people know now I wasn't kidding when I said I'd take advantage of that clause in my contract that permits me to go back to the stage. It was the best play I could find and I enjoyed doing it. Now, do you want to make something of it?"

"Hi, Pat," I say weakly to Mr. O'Brien.

"Hi, Dick," says the genial Pat. "Come down to the beach whenever you have a chance. I'll always be there now. Warner Brothers and I have kissed each other goodbye.

"Goodbye?" I echo. "Why, Warner Brothers won't be Warner Brothers without you."

"I'm not talkin'," says Pat sagely. "Just come down to the beach when you have a day off."

You can't argue with a man who won't talk and, I reflect, if I don't hurry on to another studio I'll never have a day off. So I set sail for—

Columbia

ONLY one picture going over here (*"Before I Die"*), but *what* a picture! Ben Hecht wrote it and he's also producing and directing it. The cast includes Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Thomas Mitchell, Rita Hayworth and John Qualen.

Qualen is a weak, wispy little clerk who steals $3,000 to give his faithless wife. His boss discovers it and threatens to jail him unless it is returned by the next morning. He goes out into the night to commit suicide, but when he sees a policeman watching him he goes into a night club instead. There, unfeeling and unthinking, he tosses money around in such a way he attracts the wolfish eye of Doug, Jr. (*an adventurer and chiseler*), who enlists the half-hearted aid of Rita in an attempt to fleece him. Mitchell is a once spectacularly successful playwright who has gone stale. As Mitchell prepares to leave the night club he gets Qualen's overcoat by mistake and finds a "suicide note" in the pocket. He goes back inside, finds Qualen, learns his story and persuades Rita and the unwilling Fairbanks to help him raise the money to save Qualen.

Every scene is so gripping that instead of giving you all of one scene I'm going to give you extracts from several scenes I stayed to watch.

There is one scene where Mitchell is attempting to show Qualen he isn't the only one with problems to be faced in the morning and a long night to be lived through. "The bleak day," he whispers, "the cry in the dark. The night sharpens its claws on my heart."

And there's another scene between the two. "Allow me to explain the secret of life," Mitchell offers. "Today's pain is tomorrow's joke. You will always end up laughing, my boy, if you can manage not to cut your throat first."

"You think this feeling will go away?" Qualen asks.

"Everything goes away," Mitchell assures him. "It all vanishes. We are made of sand—and time is a wind—blowing."

And another scene between Rita and Doug when she is trying to enlist Doug's help. "That poor man," she cries. "I never knew anybody before who wanted to die—except myself. I guess lots of people are like that—with a pain inside them they can't stand."

And yet one more scene when she tells Doug how easy it will be—that even in books gamblers always let a sucker win at first as a come-on.

"Life is different from books, baby," Doug assures her. "In life, the wrong *guy always wins."*

Everyone in this picture is giving a bang-up performance. Mitchell's last scene in the picture is one that will raise you right out of your chair. It is one of the most emotionally upsetting scenes I have ever watched. They start to rehearse it, but how he manages to get any feeling into it I don't know for grips are barking at each other, electricians are snapping their fingers at each other and rattling lights around, the camera man keeps interrupting to tell him he's out of focus and there are a dozen other distractions. Finally Mitchell says, "I'll just run through the lines without feeling until you fellows get settled and then I'd like to do it once for me, before we 'take it.'"

"Where's Hecht?" I ask Maggie Mascal, who is showing me around.

"I guess he's gone home," she laughs. "He often gets tired and says, 'I'm going home. You folks finish today's work by yourselves!'—But even so, they're nine days ahead of schedule."

I'd like to stay here all day, but just down the street there's—

RKO

THERE are really a flock of pictures shooting here. The Ginger Rogers-Ronald Colman set is closed and the picture is just finishing up so you'll see it before you read this.

Then, there's "Dance, Girl, Dance," in which Lucille Ball finally gets a part in an "A" picture.

Lucille and Maureen O'Hara are chorus girls in a dance act in upstate New York. The police raid the club and they're out of jobs. They finally work their way back to New York. Maureen's whole life is dancing and she has ballet aspirations. Then Lucille comes home and tells her she (*Lucille*) has a job and can get her (*Maureen*) one, too. Of course, Maureen jumps at it, but when she gets to the theatre she finds it's a burlesque house and that her act is just a build-up for Lucille's strip-tease. But she takes the job because the money will pay for dancing lessons—to say nothing of groceries. She is very interested in Louis Hayward, who has just been divorced, and he in her.

Then, one night Lucille gets to the theatre late, after having cut the matinee entirely. The proprietors are on tenterhooks and follow her to her dressing room, expostulating volubly.

"Scram!" says Lucille inelegantly, shutting the door in their face. "Let a lady dress."

"Anything wrong?" inquires Maureen, not really interested.

"Not a thing, dearie," Lucy assures her, retiring behind a screen to undress. "This is my last performance." Maureen says nothing. "I said, this is my last performance," Lucille repeats.

"I'm sorry," Maureen rejoins politely. "Did you get a better offer?"

"Yes," Miss Ball gloats. "I accepted it, too." With that she crosses to Maureen and shows her a wedding ring. "I got married this afternoon. As a matter of fact, I married a friend of yours—a big rubber man from Akron—a Mr. James Harris, Junior."

Let me tell you, my friends, the fat is really in the fire now and almost before you can say "Scat!" the girls are going at it hammer and tongs. It's one of the loveliest fights I've ever seen and they end up in a night court.

Dorothy Arzner, who did such a swell job directing "Craig's Wife," is handling this one. Usually, she shoots pretty fast, but the delays today are enough to drive an onlooker screwy. They rehearse the scene over and over and over—and then they rehearse it some more. Not the fight (*which would be swell*), but Lucille's entrance, and the action in the dressing room. Lucille has on hat, furs, coat, gloves, ear-rings, bracelet and Lord only knows what all else and all of the accessories have to come off as she talks and they have to come off fast so that by the time she finishes her first few lines she can be behind the screen.

They rehearse so long there's no chance to chat with Lucille, which is a shame because there is a girl with a sense of humor. However, she finds time to tell me that from now on she's to appear only in "A" pictures, which is certainly a relief. It's a shame to waste talent

like hers on unimportant films.

* * *

SO WE come to "Wildcat Bus," starring Fay Wray and Charles Lang. It's nice to see Fay working again after all she has been through. Lang is a newcomer, but the studio has certainly given him a publicity build-up and you'll want to watch him. The scene they are doing is an unimportant process shot so we won't go into that.

* * *

THERE is also "A Lady in Love," featuring Kent Taylor and Linda Hayes.

At the moment (*the moment being practically the beginning of the picture*) Kent is lying on a cot. He's a stunt pilot for a picture company and he has just wrecked a plane for a picture, and got himself a gash on the head. Howard DeSilva, his buddy, is standing beside him as the doctor comes in. He steps aside and the doctor busies himself with applying a bandage.

"Yep, I always say, here today and gone tomorrow," the doc observes without cracking a smile. "Knew a woman just stepped off her back porch and broke her collarbone and dislocated her hip."

"Didn't even have time to pull the ripcord, eh?" Kent grins, winking at DeSilva.

This scene, too, they do over and over.

* * *

GOSH! I almost forgot the most important picture on this lot—"Too Many Girls." This is from the sensationally successful stage play of the same name and George Abbott, who produced it in New York, is also directing the picture. Practically the entire New York cast has been brought out and a few picture names have been added—notably Frances Langford.

This scene, she's up on a balcony singing a football song to the students and I'm here to tell you that girl can really put a song over.

They finally get a take that suits them and I start off the set. Then I hear a guffaw from the whole company and I look around. In the cast is Tiny Persons who must weigh 365 pounds. Directly behind him is a visitor on the set who is actually 7½ ft. tall. Tiny looks around, too, and sees the gangler just behind him. "My stand-in," he explains briefly to the crowd.

As I have often told you, just around the corner from RKO is—

Paramount

"ARISE My Love," starring Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland, is shooting, but work has been called off for the day. Ray has just received word that his sister in England died and he is afraid she was killed in a bombing raid. And not five minutes before he received the cable he was telling me her little boy was coming to stay with him during the war.

* * *

"MAGIC in Music" is shooting, though. This stars Allan Jones and Suzannah Foster, with Margaret Lindsay playing opposite Allan. I don't know what it's all about, but if you love music I can promise you your money will be well spent on this picture as there are no two finer voices on the screen than these two have.

At the moment, they are recording Grieg's Concerto. I have the advantage of you because I can stay and listen to take after take, while you who see the picture will only hear it once. In fact, I stay so long that Kathleen Coghlin, who is my guide and mentor on the Paramount lot, gets sort of testy and says, "You know, Dick, we really do have a couple of other pictures going."

* * *

SO WE mosey along to where they're making "Moon Over Burma," with Robert Preston, Preston Foster and Dorothy Lamour.

"What's Para going to do with dear Dottie now?" I inquire. "You know, bobbed hair and sarongs just don't go together."

"Well," says Kathleen waspishly, "you know, the Westmore Brothers are still making wigs, if she *has* to wear a sarong, and besides, in this picture, she only has to wear a play-suit."

By this time we're on the set, but none of the principals are. They're setting up for a new shot and we wait for what seems hours—but nothing happens. There are two elephants in the picture and the poor things were in the fire the night before that destroyed most of the animals in the zoo that picture companies rent beasts from. These two were not burned badly, but they were blistered and they keep making whining noises in shrill voices that seem strangely out of keeping with their size. One of them has zinc ointment all over her forehead. They keep sticking their trunks out for someone to scratch them. A bid for sympathy I guess.

* * *

THERE being nothing to see on this set but the elephants, and having told you about them, we go on to the next set where—

"Touchdown" is being made. This stars Wayne Morris with Richard Denning and Edgar Kennedy prominently present.

Denning is stretched out on the bed when Wayne and Edgar enter. "I don't like this one little bit," Mr. Kennedy informs them.

"You want Pacific Coast to have a good team, don't you?" Dick demands.

"Sure," Kennedy agrees readily. "But how do I know he (gesturing towards Wayne) *can play football?"*

"I can't," says Wayne simply.

"You can't?" *bellows the startled Kennedy.*

"But I *can," Denning grins.*

"Well, I'll see for myself at practice this afternoon," Ed warns him.

"Remember, it's for dear old Pacific Coast," Dick responds sarcastically. "Gimme that sweater," to Wayne, and snatches it as he passes him.

"If we get caught it'll be dear old San Quentin for all of us," Ed counters.

"You mean, they'd send us to jail?" Wayne asks fearfully.

I muff the chance to find out what this is all about because when Wayne comes up to say hello, all I can think of is his recent separation from his wife.

"Gee, Wayne," I say, "I'm sorry things haven't panned out for you."

"You're no sorrier than I am," he replies simply, and all of a sudden I felt towards Wayne as I did three years ago.

When he first came into pictures he was one of the nicest fellows I've ever met. Then he had a sudden and almost overwhelming success and he changed. Perhaps, his troubles will teach him it takes more than one good part and a likable grin to get by—that life isn't all beer and skittles.

Leaving Paramount behind us, we come to—

Universal

THERE are more pictures shooting here than I have ever seen at one time on this lot.

Deanna Durbin is still working in "Spring Parade," but they're still on location so you'll have to wait still another month for this one.

Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, Virginia Bruce, Robert Benchley and Hobart Cavanaugh are toiling on "Hired Wife," but when I get on the set Rosalind and Brian are merely watching Harry Stafford and Janet Shaw being married.

Harry has been around Hollywood for years. He is a likable young chap with a beautiful baritone singing voice. But he never got anywhere until some perspicacious gent at Universal heard him sing and placed him under a term contract.

* * *

NEXT we come to "A Little Bit of Heaven," starring Gloria Jean and Robert Stack, with Stuart Erwin, Eugene Pallette, Frank Jenks, Nan Grey, C. Aubrey Smith and Hugh Herbert prominently present, to say nothing of a big bunch of old-time stars. These old-timers are Stuart Holmes, Pat O'Malley, Monte Blue, Charles Ray, Noah Beery, William Desmond, Maurice Costello, Minta Durfee, Cleo Ridgeley and Grace Cunard.

As far as action is concerned, Gloria Jean isn't working and neither are any of the other principals. The old-timers are dancing a Virginia Reel and having a swell time of it, but there isn't much to describe about a Virginia Reel that you don't already know, so I start gabbing with Hugh Herbert and Stu Erwin.

* * *

NEXT on the list is "Argentine Nights," starring the Ritz Brothers.

"In this picture," says Billy Edwards, who tried to sell me on the idea that Mary Gordon is a Universal discovery, "the Ritz Brothers are being legitimate comedians. They're being good boys (*he says this because in bygone days the Ritzes haven't always been easy to work with*) and, in addition, they're being legitimate comedians."

M-G-M

WHEN I get to M-G-M I find that only three pictures are shooting—namely, "Philadelphia Story," starring that dame who used to be at RKO whom I never could stand (*and anyhow it's on a process stage and can't be covered this month*), "Escape," which is closed to visitors because La Shearer is working and "Strike Up The Band," starring Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, which I've already covered.

Lamour and the Stagedoor Johnnies of Hollywood!

[Continued from page 23]

freely with everyone on my pictures. And why shouldn't I? Just because I've had a break and some success doesn't fundamentally make me different from any other girl.

"This boy was working in the picture, playing a small part. On the set one day he suggested we have dinner that night. I accepted. When he called for me, he brought along a huge corsage of gardenias. He was frankly dismayed to find me in a sports suit. He was wearing a dinner jacket. Well, anything to please. I hurried and changed to a formal dress. When he helped me on with my wrap, he mentioned he'd seen pictures of me wearing a full length white fox coat and wondered if I wouldn't wear it.

"I began to think something was very, very funny. Goodness knows, we weren't going to a premiere. But I gave in and put on the white fox which seemed to dazzle him. Now you know if a couple's going out for an evening they'll usually go to one nice place and enjoy themselves. But not this Hollywood Johnnie!

"First we go to Ciro's. Before we order dinner, he tells the waiter we'll only have a cocktail. Then he drags me onto the dance floor and stops, and not by accident, at a table where a gossip columnist is sitting—turns on his personality and says, 'Of course, you know Miss Lamour.' It looked pretty obvious.

"After he waltzes me around, he says, let's go to the Grove—maybe there'll be more people there. As we leave, he all but beckons the photographers to step right up please and snap our picture.

"I begin to say to myself, 'Hey, what is this anyway?' And then we're walking into the Grove. The same thing happens all over again. We make a sweeping entrance. He turns on a Robert Taylor gaze on me for the photographers' sake and begins to drag me out to the next place. We'd have visited every place in Hollywood, only I planked my foot down and said, 'Enough of this is enough!' I insisted on him taking me home.

"Every morning since, you see, the columns have it that I've been out with him the night before. It's just such men as these that make stay-at-homes of Hollywood actresses. And if you don't think it's a let-down to your pride when you suddenly realize you're being 'used,' you're mistaken! It's not because you're a reasonably attractive girl who's good company that you're being taken out, but merely because you're a figurehead for someone to use to get his name in the papers!

"That is probably why Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn and so many of the stars have become almost recluses. You rarely ever see them out at night clubs. They've been put through the mill of Hollywood's Stagedoor Johnnies and from way back.

"Nowadays when I meet someone it doesn't take long for me to determine if he likes me for who I am or for myself. When I was in Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt were very gracious. They took me about with them so I'd avoid all of the publicity seekers.

"Even so, when I reached home I read in the columns where a young aviator was supposed to be 'my new heart.' I was supposed to be wearing his 'wings' with the same significance attached to fraternity pins—a mutual understanding. An engagement. None of it is true.

"I've had to learn to differentiate between the 'what-can-you-do-for-me-men,' and 'the publicity seeking-romeos' and the worthwhile, genuine men with ideals of what constitutes a gentleman," Dorothy continued. "I've had to learn to make sure of a person's reputation as a person before I can accept friendly overtures.

"During a personal appearance this year on Broadway, many M. C.'s, orchestra leaders and some cafe owners, who'd known me, but never had thought of inviting me out, called up my agent and suggested, 'Arrange me a date with Dottie—it will be good publicity for me.'

"My real friends avoid publicity in regard to personal friendship as much as I do. For publicity can twist and distort and take away the finer qualities and relationship between friends. These publicity romances you read about—seldom ever last, if you notice. Goodness knows, I've had my share of those, too. It seems as though whenever the studio has wanted to build an actor I've been worked in on a new studio publicity romance.

"Do you really think New York men are so much different than those you meet in Hollywood?" I interrupted.

"Not men in general," answered Dorothy. "But there is a big difference in the type that date actresses.

"Broadway still has its wealthy New York playboys who call at the stagedoor for stars and principals of the shows. They're such men as Rudy Vallee, George Jean Nathan, Maury Paul, Lucius Beebe, Shipwreck Kelly, Jack Kriendler and other well known New Yorkers. They're seen with screen, radio and stage stars at '21,' The Stork and El Morocco.

"But dates with them concern no thought of personal benefit or gain in a monetary or business sense on either side. Most of these men are already successful. They're not worrying about keeping the wolf from the door, nor thinking every minute how they can better their careers by yours. The next day if your name's mentioned with one, it is done in comparative good taste. There's no sudden announcement that you're ready to be married after the second date.

"When I first came to New York, one of my first important friends was Rudy Vallee. I was very thrilled at his invitations to dinner, and his flowers. When he heard me sing, he went out and secured me auditions so that I would get a good engagement. Through him, I began singing at the Stork Club. I couldn't sing without a microphone. So what did Rudy do but send me his own favorite 'mike.' Then he'd come over to hear me and introduce me to the well-knowns of Broadway.

"I didn't have diamond bracelets and limousines showered on me. But I enjoyed going about with the men-about-town of Broadway.

"It was soon after my Stork Club engagement that I had a contract with N.B.C. on a sustaining radio program. Of course, all of my life I'd wanted to be on the stage. But I made many detours getting there.

"You know, I can almost remember the last World War," Dorothy said softly. "When I was three down in New Orleans, where I was born, my mother used to dress me up in a little red cross uniform, and I'd sing war songs and sell thrift stamps on war relief programs. That was the beginning of my becoming an actress. From then on I was always playing stage and imagining myself a great singer."

Dorothy's parents separated when she was very young. She and her mother made their own way in the world from then on. In 1931, she won a beauty contest and the title of "Miss New Orleans." That led to Chicago, where first she was an elevator girl and then a model. Then came her tryout as a singer on celebrity night at a Chicago hotel. Subsequently, she became featured soloist with Herbie Kaye's orchestra. Later Herbie and Dorothy married. But Dorothy's career sent her to Hollywood and Herbie's traveling with his band. The continued separation ended in divorce.

"Please don't let's talk about that," Dorothy always says, for she and Herbie are still such good friends. Dorothy was deeply hurt, but careers and circumstances made it inevitable.

"I've been through a lot in three years—a terrible lot. A lot that's been good for me, wonderful for me. And a lot that has been bad—that has hurt me," admitted Dorothy. "But now I'm happy. Honestly, I'm very happy. It seems that everything has come my way for a change. I'm grateful, too. I own my own home which has always been my life's dream. And I've been to Honolulu and I'm going right back there. Another lifelong ambition, I guess," she said wistfully. "If you wish and hope long enough the things you want most will come."

But getting back to these Broadway and Hollywood Stagedoor Johnnies, who both plague and glamourize the lives of actresses and show girls.

"So many of these Hollywood boys struggling with careers, believe they must be seen with a name that'll make print and help their own in becoming known," Dorothy explained. "They're the men who expect and accept. They want to always be on the receiving end—not on the giving. Now I'm not talking about all men in Hollywood. For there're charming ones, too. But I mean the Stagedoor Johnnies who pursue actresses.

"For instance, one time I decided to take a few tennis lessons. I visited a pro and took exactly three lessons. And the first thing, I saw his name in the paper with mine saying that I was taking lessons because of a romantic interest. Six months later he came to the studio—got in, some way, to my dressing room,

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Cary Plays the Game His Own Way

[Continued from page 25]

determined to become an independent producer. He started by buying the movie rights to a best-seller called "The Tree of Liberty." He believed it would make a great picture.

He went to Cary, who was a big name, yet was a free-lance star, not tied down to any one studio. Lloyd said in effect, "We've been friends a long time. Long enough, I hope, for me to ask a big favor. I'd like you to read this story. And, if you agree with me that it has the possibilities *I* think it has, I'd like you to write me a letter, saying so—adding that you would be interested in appearing in it, 'if future commitments permit.' "

Cary wrote the letter. All that Lloyd had to do to interest studios in loaning him players was to produce the evidence that Cary Grant—a very particular gent about stories—was willing to consider the lead. Lloyd went to New York bankers to get a loan. They respected his reputation as a producer, but they wanted to know who would star in the picture. He said, "Somebody as popular as Cary Grant"—and produced the letter as proof that Cary, himself, might be available. The bankers took a confidential poll of exhibitors, anent the extent of Mr. Grant's popularity. The poll must have made them happy. They gave him what he asked.

That made him go after Cary in earnest.

When you know this story, you have an inkling of how Cary happened to have the chance to go serious in "The Tree of Liberty," which became "The Howards of Virginia." (*Exhibitors were also polled about that change of title.*) But you still don't know how Cary happened to take the chance. And the puzzle is further complicated by the fact that right now he is making another comedy—"The Philadelphia Story"—co-starring with Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart.

Cary, himself, is the only one who can unravel the puzzle. So we go in pursuit of Cary.

That doesn't look like an easy assignment. There are rumors that the set—being a Hepburn set—is closed to any and all interviewers. But the rumors turn out to be false. Hepburn isn't as difficult toward the Press as she is reputed to be. At least, we get inside.

We find Cary in his portable dressing-room, at one end of the big sound-stage, behind some scenery for a garden party. He is sitting on a couch, recovering from a nap.

"Fell asleep going over my lines," he explains whimsically. "That's no reflection on the lines. God forbid. It just shows I'm a man with an easy conscience. I knew my lines last night."

Helping himself to a limp cigarette from a squashed package that he draws out of a pants pocket, he wants to know what he can do for us. We tell him he can explain the aberration that tempted him to go serious, right after two comedy hits. We say nothing about the story told above. We want to hear what *he* has to say.

He regards us with those brown eyes for a moment, as if we are the one with the aberration, not he. He shakes his head, like a man who can't understand other people. Then he grins persuasively, and starts talking.

"In the first place," he says, stressing the words, to make it clear that this was what started the whole thing, "I've always had terrific admiration for Frank Lloyd. He's one of the really great directors. I've always wanted to make a picture with him. For that reason alone, when he offered me the role, and started telling me about it, I listened. And the fact that it was a serious role made me listen hard.

"It would be almost a year, he said, before he started shooting. I knew then what my line-up of pictures would be for the next year. All comedies. First, 'His Girl Friday' and 'My Favorite Wife,' and then, after a lapse, 'Passport to Life.' Somewhere along the line, I needed a change of pace, a different type of picture.

"Personally, I like doing comedy. Particularly in this day and age, with laughter getting scarcer by the minute. But you can overwork a good thing. You can tire audiences by never being different.

"That little thought was what made me do 'Gunga Din' and 'Only Angels Have Wings' after doing four comedies in a row. And that same little thought was what made me listen when Frank started talking up this role."

Cary cups one hand over one ear, comically pantomiming how intently he listened.

"Not only was it a serious role. It was different from anything I had ever done. It presented a challenge. Could I get away with it?

"You've been in a theatre when a trailer would flash on the screen, advertising some coming attraction with someone known for comedy. And you've heard audiences laugh in anticipation, even before they saw the guy do some silly little thing. Well, that had begun to happen to me. I had done so many comedies that audiences were all set to laugh at any character I played. Would they refuse to take me seriously in a serious role?

"To show you how smart Lloyd is: He foresaw that hazard, and he had ideas about getting around it. If people expected to laugh at me, we'd give them the chance, with little comedy touches at the beginning of the picture. Like a scene showing me squeezed into a wooden tub, taking a bath. And a scene showing me getting out of some tight boots. Little things like that. We'd let them get used to this character gradually—this big, blunt backwoodsman. After they got into the story, they'd take him seriously, forget to laugh."

Cary rummages on his cluttered dressing-table for an ashtray. Unable to find one, he carefully consigns his cigarette ashes to his trouser cuff.

"There was a further difficulty," he continues. "And, to me, this is an interesting angle. Up to now, I had made a point of being a natural, normal, hand-in-pocket modern male. Now, suddenly, I was going to be in Colonial costume, with my hair tied in a knot behind. How was I going to behave?"

He grins wryly.

"Maybe you've noticed what happens to actors when they put on costumes and wigs and do period plays. They go in for flourishes. Wide flourishes." Cary suddenly leaps to his feet, flings both arms wide, and, gazing stupefied at the ceiling, says, with exaggerated ardor, "I love you, milady." As suddenly, he subsides on the couch. "That sort of thing. Actors have been getting away with it for years, on the grounds that men of other centuries behaved differently from men of today. I claim that if men had ever made love like that, they would have been burned at the stake.

"I faced the problem: Should I follow good old theatrical tradition, or follow my own personal belief? My own personal belief is that men of yesterday were just as natural as men today. It's true, they didn't say things like 'Swing it, toots' or 'Hiya, kid.' But they had their colloquialisms. They didn't talk poetry, any more than you and I do. They didn't strut, and they didn't stride. They walked the way you and I walk. They sat the way you and I sit. They crossed their legs the same way, I assure you.

"I told Frank how I felt. He felt the same way. He said the trouble with most period plays is that the costumes get in the way of naturalness. We decided we'd play the thing as if we were real people, not characters in a period play. Maybe we've started a theatrical revolution. But maybe it's time for one."

Still unable to find the ashtray, Cary frantically regards his cigarette, finally squashes the stub on the bottom of his shoe.

"In the book," he continues, "Matt Howard had red hair. We tried a red wig, but I photographed like nothing human. So my hair's still black, with a touch of iron-gray toward the end. At the finish I'm forty-five." He shakes his head. "And I don't look any better at forty-five than I do now. I've still got to worry about the future."

He grins, self-deprecatingly. He's silent a moment. Then suddenly he flips up his left hand in a hold-everything-maybe-this-will-be-interesting gesture.

"I almost forgot to mention one of the things that made Frank think of me for the part," he says. "The character had to talk with a dialect—the dialect of an English countryman. And Frank knew that I knew all the English dialects. How I know them is hard to explain. I just do. Picked them up, barnstorming around England. I had an ear for them, maybe. You hear of people like that.

"It's lucky for me," he adds with conviction, "that I did pick them up. They've come in handy. Given me breaks I wouldn't have been able to handle otherwise. This isn't the first one. Five years ago, George Cukor remembered I knew

[*Continued on page* 78]

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LOVELY SCREEN STARS, clever women everywhere use Lux Toilet Soap as a daily *bath* soap, too. Its ACTIVE lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really fresh from top to toe. You'll love this luxurious, *sure* way of protecting daintiness. You'll find this beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you—leaves your skin delicately perfumed, *sweet*. Just try it!

The Complexion Soap

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

English dialects and sent for me to play the Cockney sharpster in 'Sylvia Scarlett.' That changed my whole career. I got out of bondage. I got out of straight leading-man roles, started playing characters."

It's difficult for most people to remember that Cary is English. He usually plays Americans. He talks like an American, behaves like one.

"I've been over here nineteen years. I ought to be like one, by this time. I came over when I was 16. You know, the age when you start absorbing everything and think you know it all. When you get to be my age, you finally realize you know nothing."

One thing he knows, however, and that is: he has never had more satisfaction out of playing any role, either British or American, than he had out of playing Matt Howard.

"There's a great idea behind the picture," he says, earnestly, "—an idea that's worth preserving on this earth. And the picture is full of great scenes. Scenes such as I've never had before.

"I'll give you an idea of what I mean. I'll tell you about one that got under my skin.

"It's the scene in which they have their first child. The birth takes place in a little hovel of a cottage, the home of neighbors. They haven't been able to get home in time. Just before this, they have had their first quarrel. Now they both are in torment—she with the pain of childbirth, unattended by any doctor, and he with his pity for her. He can do nothing to help. He is a man of the soil, unaccustomed to women. The child is born, and lives, and his wife still lives. And this man, so happy, so big, takes this little bundle of baby in his arms. Then he sees what no one else yet knows. The baby has a club foot—like his wife's brother, whom he hates.

"That scene got me. And one near the end did, too. All through the picture there is this conflict between man and wife. He is a man of the soil; she is an aristocrat. Near the end, he realizes that he is proud of the boy with the club foot. He says to his wife, about the boy, 'He doesn't seem to know how to hate. What you were, and what I was, were brought together in him. We were both right, but we could never get to understand each other. Now, in him, we're united.' It hits you with a terrific punch that he's saying democracy—the union of all classes—is the hope of the world."

Cary leaves no doubt about the intensity of emotion he put into the part. Yet here he is now, playing a part that calls for him to be amusing, not intense. "A man needs variety," says Cary, stubbornly.

After the size of his role in "The Howards of Virginia," there is a further surprise about his being in "The Philadelphia Story." He has a good role, a very good role, but it isn't as large as you expect a Grant role to be. How, then, does he happen to be playing it?

It wasn't on his schedule. As soon as he finished "Howards," he was supposed to start "Passport to Life." That was delayed a few weeks. George Cukor offered him this role with Hepburn. Cary wasn't going to take it. He needed a rest. He had been working hard. Then he had an idea. If he could turn his entire salary over to the Red Cross, it would be worth playing the role. That took some arranging. He had to go to Washington, talk with the Treasury Department. They finally gave him permission the day before the picture was supposed to start. And—here he is.

A foursome of sweethearts! Richard Greene, Virginia Field, Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart. Which couple do you think will be first to wed?

His salary for the picture is $125,000. A tidy bit for the Red Cross.

The Englishmen in Hollywood are in a peculiar position. People see them, seemingly virile men, and wonder why they aren't Over There, fighting. It isn't because they haven't offered to go. Their Embassy has given them strict orders to remain here, until called. But if they can't help physically, they certainly can help financially. They all feel that way. Cary is no exception.

At least, that seems to be his attitude. He refuses to discuss his contribution to the cause. "There must be something else to talk about," he says.

Moodily he rubs his hands—hands, by the way, that acquired callouses in "The Howards of Virginia."

"I had to plow," he reveals, "—with an old-fashioned plow that didn't have a guiding-wheel, or whatever you call the thing. Don't think that wasn't tough. And I had to swing an old-fashioned scythe. It took some doing to find an old farmer who remembered how. I had to use a two-man saw. I had to lift some colossal, unwieldly things—because I was supposed to be a man of colossal strength. And I nearly killed myself, trying to chop down a tree, for the first time in my life. The axe-head came off and plopped one inch from my foot."

He doesn't think he's as fit as he used to be.

"I used to box a lot, but I've sort of given that up. I used to swim more than I do now. I can't tear myself out of bed in the mornings any more. I gave up golf as a bad job. I was too nervous for the game. I was making work of it."

He recently bought a house at the beach, a few doors from the place he rented for years. Cary's sudden entry into the ranks of home-owners has caused all kinds of speculation. Every time he has a date, columnists wonder if he isn't looking for a wife.

He positively writhes when anybody asks him if he has plans to settle down and marry, or hasn't plans. "I refuse to answer," he says, "on the grounds that anything I say may be held against me. Besides, I don't know."

Because he has just played the most serious role of his life doesn't necessarily mean that he's settling down. "Why," he demands, with a plaintive screech, "why do people insist on confusing my private life with my screen roles?"

Something else that appals him is the public impression that he and comedy discovered each other only recently. "What I did on the stage was comedy," he says. However, he is one actor without any urge to go back to the stage. "I don't have any of those fantastic ideas, and I don't go for that 'art for art's sake' guff. We all know why So-and-So went back to the stage. She didn't like the way she photographed. And we know why Such-and-Such went back. She needed experience. You go to New York and run into writers who lambast the movies, because it's the intelligentsia thing to do. When you know they've got one bag packed, just waiting for an invitation to come out."

Hollywood hasn't changed him—much. He used to obey his impulses more, until he found out that all he usually got out of obeying them was "a poke in the chin." He's still absent-minded. When he steps out of the shower in the morning, he's as likely as not to leave the water on, and all the hot water in the house runs away. He forgets to tell his cook to expect company. Sometimes he even forgets to tell his cook to expect *him*. When that happens, he'll take whatever is in the icebox. He isn't fussy about his food. He is fussy about his clothes. And he's a demon furniture-straightener.

He's a great sleeper. He has the philosophy, "Sleep is one thing that's free in this world, and I'm going to have my share of it." Contrary to the impression that the columnists give, he is home three or four evenings a week, usually by himself. He's a good mixer, but he doesn't find it difficult to be alone. He can relax, alone.

Some philosopher once said, "Any human being who can be alone is really a great human being." And maybe he had something. Certainly Cary Grant is going great guns, and is a completely human being, even if he does play the Hollywood game his own way, all by himself.

It makes sense, when you think it over.

A Perfect Wife . . . *until 6 P.M.*

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"Lysol" could have helped . . . Romance is all bound up with feminine daintiness. Even the most loving husband may find it difficult to forget—or forgive—a wife's carelessness, or ignorance, about intimate personal cleanliness. That's why so many women use "Lysol" regularly.

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Dulcy Struts Her Stuff

[Continued from page 27]

It is always a pleasure for me to see Miss Ann Maisie Dulcy Sothern. Not only because I, as interviewer and friend, think she is one of the grandest people in Hollywood, utterly unaffected, and as loyal and sincere as the day is long; but also because every time I see Ann I get a very pleasant, slightly startling, shock. Ann isn't humdrum. There was the time I called on her at the hospital where she had had her appendix removed. It was the day she was to leave for home and she was sitting up in bed wearing a bright red turban and her slippers, but nothing more. "Hello, d-a-r-ling," said Ann (*Ann stretches a great many of her words to the breaking point*), "believe it or not I am waiting for the doctor's okay."

And there was the time I bumped into her on a fishing barge off the coast of Catalina. Ann loves to fish, but she just can't bear to see the poor little fish floundering around, so Roger has to do all the dirty work, while she covers her eyes and squeals, the very quintessence of femininity. The barge was enveloped in that customary dreadful fish odor, so dear to the heart of the fisherman, when suddenly above the fish smell rose the tantalizing scent of *fleurs de rocaille de Caron*. Ann, it seems, had brought along an atomizer, and was making the most of it.

And I shall never forget the day I ran into her at the racetrack at Santa Anita Park. With everyone else watching the horses Ann was sitting alone in the corner of a big sofa in the lounge with her eyes closed. When I spoke to her she opened them slowly, gave me one of her vague smiles, and said, "Oh, it's you, presh. I'll talk to you later. Right now, I'm being psychic." She's nuts, I thought, but Roger explained it to me. It seems that Ann had picked out of thin air a long shot who had won the first race and paid the magnificent sum of $85. As practically no one else at the track had that horse, a poor old nag that had been dead on its feet for years, Ann had decided then and there that she possessed miraculous psychic gifts. "It cost me a pretty penny," Ann told me several weeks later, "before I discovered that I wasn't psychic at all." Now she never goes near a track. She's allergic to horses.

See what I mean about Ann? Never humdrum.

When I last saw her, the day she was doing re-takes on "Dulcy," I cornered her in her dressing room, where she was fussing with her new pompadour hairdo (*and most becoming, too*), and suggested that she give out with a few "don'ts" for us gals. "You ought to know some good don'ts from your personal experiences," I said.

"R-e-al-ly," said Ann, reaching for a piece of candy, which she loves, but isn't supposed to eat. She bit down on it, made an awful face, and swallowed quickly.

"That's your punishment," said Maria, her devoted maid, "you know you promised not to eat candy this month."

"Well, d-a-r-ling," said Ann, "I think the best don't is don't be a fixer-upper. People who meddle in other people's lives should be strangled, r-e-al-ly. Of course, you might have the best intentions in the world, but the minute you start interfering not only do you bring unhappiness to your friends, but you usually find yourself up to your neck in hot water, too. I never will forget the time I tried to fix up a romance for one of my former boy friends. When he arrived for a visit in Hollywood, he was very eager to meet a beautiful young actress I knew, but not very well. Right away I had to become Cupid. I arranged it so they met, and they fell in love, and I thought I was just being wonderful scattering love and sunshine. Well, do you know what! That girl had a husband! She never told me! And that husband offered to sue *me!*" Maria turned her back, and Ann snatched a chocolate. "Never again do I fix up any romances."

And I also know that never again will Ann fix up anybody's garden for them, even though she is a most enthusiastic horticulturist. Among her best friends are the Ray Millands, and the Ray Millands moved into their new Beverly Hills home not so long ago. But for some reason or other they had a little trouble making the grass and flowers grow in their very beautiful back yard. "Fertilizer," said Ann to Mrs. Milland, "d-a-r-ling, you need a different fertilizer." Mrs. Milland agreed that she probably did, and thought no more about it. The first warm day of summer, and very warm indeed, she invited a few of her girl friends to have lunch outdoors in the patio. Ann couldn't come as she was working, but Ann began to worry about the grass and flowers. Mrs. Milland had everything prepared beautifully; her first party in her new home, and she was all relaxed waiting for Joan Crawford and the other girls to arrive when suddenly she smelled a horrible smell. A quick dash to the window just in time to see Ann Sothern's pet gardener scattering fertilizer all over the lawn and the garden. Mrs. Milland hastily removed her guests to the Victor Hugo restaurant.

"I'll never be a fixer-upper again," said Ann morosely. But she was.

It seems that Cesar Romero, one of Hollywood's most charming and eligible bachelors, after living for years in various apartment houses, finally decided to buy himself a small home. "Poor Butch," said Ann, "the d-a-r-ling. He doesn't know a thing about furnishing a house. I must help him." So she and Julie Murphy decided to give Cesar a shower—a kitchen shower. All of Cesar's friends were invited and they all brought very appropriate gifts and there was much fun with Cesar opening up the presents and saying, "It's exactly what I wanted! How did you know? What is it?" But of course Ann, big-hearted Ann, wasn't content to bring just one little knick-knack for the kitchen. Oh, no. She brought everything but the proverbial kitchen sink! And naturally, Cesar being a bachelor, hadn't thought much about the kitchen anyway, and had built it very small, and now he hasn't the slightest idea what to do with all those kitchen utensils. Because of Ann he's got to build a new kitchen, and building costs money.

One of the things Maureen O'Hara best likes about the United States is its ice cream and especially in cones. "Dance, Girl, Dance" is her latest.

When Ann heard about it she said, "I'll never be a fixer-upper again." At times like this I see what Roger means.

Ann's second big don't is: don't take yourself seriously. You only make yourself ridiculous if you do. Even your friends have to laugh at you if you do. And you completely lose your sense of humor if you do.

After being off the screen for a year Ann, being a human being, was as pleased as punch when people started raving about her Maisie characterizations. "I took it awfully big," she said. "In fact, you'd think no actress had ever created a character before. But it wasn't long before I had the wind taken out of my sails. And the conceit out of my mind."

It happened one day at the studio when she was being interviewed by a big newspaper critic from New York. Ann was giving out with her best charm and everything was simply "wondy" until the critic said, "Miss Sothern, before I go I want to tell you that I think you are awfully good as Blondie."

"Every time I find myself taking myself seriously," said Ann, "I think of that." And Miss Ann Maisie Dulcy Blondie Sothern returned to the art of picture-making.

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Dance into his heart with fingertips in gay Cutex RIOT!

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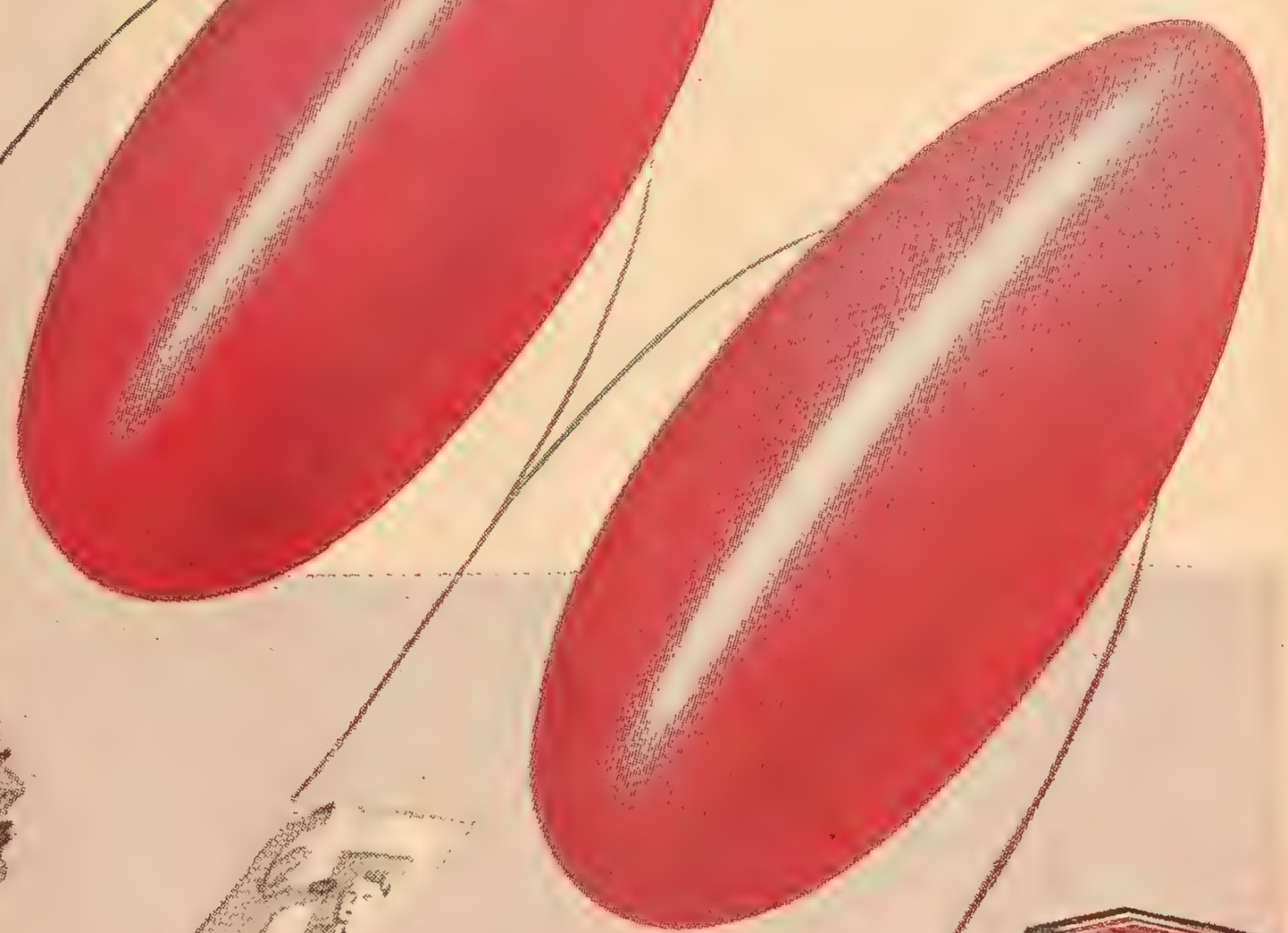

CUTEX
Salon Polish

Damned Clever, These Missourians!

[Continued from page 35]

"Convincing a person through strong argument is usually accompanied by the loss of a friend," he said. "Few of us have any to spare."

Toler becomes excited only when the script of a picture calls for this reaction.

"The true oriental realizes the futility of letting his emotions become unduly aroused over matters of minor importance," he said, "and to a Chinese there are few of a major kind.

"Take my young friend, Sen Yung, as an example. Sen is the young San Francisco Chinese who plays the role of my No. 2 son in the Chan pictures. New to screen work, he was unable to overcome his natural calm in one of our pictures where, as he stumbles upon a corpse, he hears a lion roar right behind him. Lucky properly expected him to register a good deal of emotion.

"To obtain this reaction the director finally decided upon a trick. He borrowed a .45 revolver from the property man, loaded it with a blank, and stood ready to discharge it at the exact moment Sen was supposed to hear the reverberating challenge of the king of beasts. Lucky had tipped off Robert Barrat, Eddie Collins and myself who also were in the scene.

"'Wham!' The gun went off like a cannon and I must admit Sen came completely out of his placidity—he almost jumped out of his pants. But, unfortunately, the scene was spoiled because when the gun went off the corpse sat up. Lucky had forgotten to let him in on the gag."

The oriental's love of a joke, even on himself, is well known, and in this respect Toler again runs true to Chinese form.

There was the time in the stock company in Portland, Maine, when Toler was doubling in the role of a butler who came on stage with his nose pointed at the top row in the gallery and a tray of sandwiches, held by both hands, on a line with his chin. As he approached the first player in the scene the latter whispered:

"Sid! Your suspenders are loose!"

"I shuddered," said Toler, "but went on. The next player whispered, 'Toler! Your trousers are skidding!' I'd have sworn they were. The third player, as I approached him, whispered, 'Good God, Toler, you're losing your pants!'

"What did I do? I dropped the tray and raced for the wings. No, everything was quite all right."

Sidney Toler also is able to take criticism without flinching. He says Alan Dale handed him the best jolt of his career when, reviewing a Brooklyn stock company performance of "Sappho," he said of the scene wherein the artist carries the girl upstairs: "Mr. Toler picked the girl up and carried her like a sack of oats. She appeared to be chewing his ear as they ascended the stairs."

The kindest remark made about him in print was contributed by Alexander Woollcott who said: "I enjoy the way Mr. Toler reads his lines, but I enjoy more what he is thinking while he reads them."

Associate Producer Dave Lewis converses with affable Ann Sheridan on the set of "City for Conquest" in which Ann is co-starred with Jimmy Cagney.

A compliment to Toler's intelligence.

Toler refuses to believe there have ever been any really dark moments in his life. Broke? Many times. Hungry? Never. Well, almost never.

"I was a freshman at the University of Kansas and I wanted to go on the stage," said Toler. "So did my best friend and we determined to go to Kansas City and try our luck. I knew a conductor on the train and he said he'd let me ride free, but couldn't fix it for Phil who made the trip by hitch hiking, although it wasn't known by that name in those days.

"We had agreed to meet at Main and Ninth, which was and still is known as The Junction. We met on schedule and we were broke and hadn't had breakfast or lunch. The only person we knew in Kansas City was a printer at the Kansas City Star, a deaf and dumb chap we had known at school. We looked him up at the Star and talked to him in the sign language, but we just couldn't make him understand we were trying to borrow money. We thought it was odd because we had conversed with him easily in sign language in school.

"Leaving the building we looked across the street and saw a sign outside a saloon reading, 'Free Lunch.' It was about 3 p. m. and only one bartender was on duty. Phil and I walked into the place, talking to each other on our fingers. We made the bartender understand—by means of our signs—that we wanted two beers, which he poured.

"Then we went over to the free lunch counter and loaded ourselves. Keeping our backs to the bartender we edged toward an exit into an alley. The barkeep saw us going and called and then shouted, but we kept talking to each other with signs and as we reached the door we ran like the devil.

"Several years later I returned to the same saloon, found our old friend, and paid him for the beers. He laughed when I told him the story, but not very heartily."

Toler says the experience he acquired during his stock days has paid him handsomely in dollars and cents.

"A stock player—if he's in that line of theatre work for any length of time—acquires an amazing knowledge of an amazing number and variety of plays. Acting, directing and staging so many plays led me into a study of what made them click—or fail—and I'd tinker with them and have turned more than one Broadway failure into a small city success."

This "tinkering" later enabled Toler to become one of Broadway's top play doctors. He, himself, has authored a half dozen plays that have made the big league, including Helen Hayes' "Golden Days."

He left the University of Kansas at the close of his second year and went to New York as the result of encouragement given him by Julia Marlowe. On his second night in the big city, illness forced Bruce McCrea, her leading man, from "When Knighthood Was In Flower," and Toler substituted. McCrea was unable to return and the newcomer played the part for two years. Toler played stock for several years and was with David Belasco for 14 years, leaving him at the close of the long run of "It's A Wise Child," in which he played the part of the iceman, to enter motion pictures in 1931.

Toler's home is a three-bedroom, early California type house on top of a hill overlooking Hollywood. For recreation he gardens, plays golf and tennis and swims.

In his spare time he writes plays and, differing from the majority of playwrights, he sells most of them. They are marketed by a company catering to little theatre, college, school and church groups.

He works most of the weeks of the year at the kind of work he likes best and is paid a four figure weekly salary. As an actor, he contributes to the enjoyment of his fellow man. His health is excellent and he finds plenty of time for the outdoor life he has come to love since making California his home. He has a congenial home life and a few good friends. When he gets one of his occasional notions to clean the slate, he boards a freighter for Panama or South America.

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JUST BENEATH your present skin lies a younger and a lovelier one! Yes, with every tick of the clock, with every mortal breath you draw, a new skin is coming to life on your face, your arms, your entire body.

Will it be a *more glamorous* skin? Can it make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, it *can!* If . . .

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin can be revealed in all its glory!

Why should *any* woman risk this menace to her youthful loveliness? Yes, why should she be a victim of her old, her worn-out, her lifeless skin? asks Lady Esther.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently, soothingly permeates these lifeless flakes . . . and the tiny rough spots vanish! Impurities are lightly whisked away . . . your skin looks fresh as youth itself . . . so smooth that powder stays on *for hours!* Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses so *thoroughly* and *so gently* that it actually helps nature refine the pores! All the world sees your skin in all its New-Born Beauty!

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Only the purest of creams can make your budding skin as beautiful as it should be.

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition,* administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

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Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense.* See if it doesn't bring you New-Born Beauty—if it doesn't keep your *Accent on Youth!*

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Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!

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Stars Who Are Stars to Stars

[Continued from page 43]

tively cataclysmic. She was soberly and casually dressed; she was unobtrusively escorted; she sat at an unobtrusive table; ate some solid food, as she watched the goings-on with appraising eyes.

Somehow, the goings-on lost their spontaneity. The glittering glamour girls and their partners suddenly decided to sit out a dance. No one seemed to care about finishing the rhumba contest which had been going great guns. The orchestra tootled its hottest quite in vain. Voices were muted, and one could hear the sale of drinks fall off with a bang, while Hollywood's fanciest sat and gazed. Garbo finished her steak sandwich, or whatever it was, drew on her gloves, and walked deliberately to her car. It was some time before the evening waxed again. And even then, one could feel the effect of her presence.

Nobody, out of the thousands who saw Charlie Chaplin cavorting in "Fred Karno's Mumming Birds" on the stages of London's music halls, would have dared to prophesy that he was destined to become Hollywood's most outstanding figure. Hollywood, slap-happily, bandies around the word "genius" most generously. If we have a genius—one only—I think that Chaplin would walk away with the votes of most of the stars.

In the days when he rarely appeared in public, he would stop the show. He looked morose and haunted, and would slink in and out of restaurants and infrequent parties, alone and miserable. People didn't dare approach him and try to break down that melancholy reserve, even in the gayest of gatherings. A hush would fall, and there were curious whisperings in corners. Today, he is more genial, friendlier, and almost a lively conversationalist. But he is still a star to the stars. He makes a picture when he feels like it, and after shooting has begun, he works when he feels like it. I wonder if it is his complete independence that makes him *the* star to stars. I don't know. Figure it out for yourself.

Bette Davis has become almost a cult amongst the stars. They are apt to murmer their awed admiration of what she is working upon, almost before she starts shooting. (*They won't be wrong, either, although they've made a wide guess.*) Discussing her with a fellow scrivener the other day, I ventured the opinion that Bette was just about the greatest actress on the screen today. He snorted. "Why shouldn't she be?" he demanded, belligerently. "She gets the best in stories and production. She can take her pick, and it's all made easy for her." Which, to me, is sheer balderdash. Many stars have had the same opportunities and have muffed them lamentably.

It has been fun watching Elsa Maxwell in Hollywood. She was here before, and startled the colony a bit. But this time, one gathers, La Maxwell is being taken seriously. The social lights of Hollywood view her, perhaps, with a grudging and puzzled admiration. But their real feeling is one of distinct apprehension. Elsa is so sure of herself, and so frank in her appraisals of people, parties, customs and manners. She makes up her mind and speaks her piece. And is listened to with amused though frightening interest. The woman can put a Hollywood hostess on a pedestal with a nod, or she can make the brightest star look like a silly freak, with a grimace.

Elsa is certainly a Celebrity to Hollywood, and she frightens Hollywood stiff. She is no fashion plate, herself, but you can see every woman in the room begin to wonder uneasily whether her slip shows, or her stockings are twisted when the ebullient Elsa bumbles in.

Stars and contract players are asked to answer a questionnaire, for publicity purposes. Among the questions is, Who is your favorite actor? I have read many of them, and while I have not made an exact tabulation, it is my opinion that the name of Spencer Tracy occurs most frequently. Tracy has won two Academy awards, and no two awards ever met with such unanimous enthusiasm among his fellow stars. He'll probably win several more before he hangs up his makeup. (*Only he doesn't use makeup.*) Tracy is a star to stars in much the same way that Bette Davis is. First, he is a magnificent trouper, and second, he is a good fellow.

Then there is Dolores Del Rio, who has made but few pictures in recent years. I think, in Dolores' case, it is sheer beauty which makes her exciting to the stars. She always seems to be dressed as no woman ever had the good fortune to be dressed before. When she moves, it is poetry. Her sun tan isn't just plain brown, it glows, or something. I did ask her once, how she contrived to be always so perfect, and maybe some of you girls would like to know what she said.

"I never go out unless I really *want* to go. If I feel the least bit tired, the least bit under the weather, I simply stay at home, and enjoy feeling tired." I'm willing to bet she looks beautiful enjoying feeling tired!

Do you remember Billie Dove? She is *still* a star to stars. She is more breathtakingly beautiful than ever before. The screen never did full justice to her beauty. At a local ice skating rink the other night, where there were numbers of well known Hollywood figures, I saw Billie come on to the ice. She has been off the screen for some years now, but you would never have thought it. Murmurs arose. "There's Billie Dove!" It passed from lip to lip, and every eye was turned on her. I have never seen her look lovelier than she does today. Maybe, it's because she is Mrs. Bob Kenaston, and supremely happy.

In the September issue

A story about Madeleine Carroll which reveals her true self!

DON'T MISS IT!

Eligible Bachelor!

[Continued from page 39]

their autograph!"

"I was coming out of the Strand Theatre," Jeff went on. "When I stopped to sign some books, I felt someone tugging at my sleeve. I turned around and there she was. 'Hello, Jeffrey darling,' she cried. 'Remember how you used to let me in the Embassy for nothing?' "

Jeff didn't remember, of course—because it never happened. During those lean days when he was a struggling young doorman, he wouldn't let *anyone* in for nothing. He would have been much too afraid of losing that precious job. But today Jeff doesn't have to be afraid of anything—unless it's the fate of an eligible bachelor. Seriously speaking, there's much to be said on the subject.

As we sat there talking (*Jeff was waiting to get a haircut for his role in the current "Four Mothers"*), I couldn't help but compare the shy, ill-at-ease and much too formal Jeff Lynn of two years back, with the warm, friendly person I know today. There was a time when the absence of a necktie would have brought forth an apology. Jeff noticed that I was observing his grey flannel slacks, blue and white sweat shirt, blue canvas sneakers to match. Cigarettes and matches bulged from a breast pocket.

"Know why I'm dressed like this?" said Jeff, in answer to a question I didn't ask.

"I couldn't wait to get back and get into these clothes. It's the first time I've been comfortable since the day I left Hollywood. Please don't misunderstand—it was wonderful seeing my family. People couldn't have been more enthusiastic. But no one will ever know what a nervous strain it is to constantly be on exhibition for so many people. This time there wasn't even any escape going home. I couldn't shut my eyes at night and I lost ten pounds. Hollywood is the most peaceful place in the world. The first night I got back to my house up in the hills, I slept fifteen hours without budging."

To fully appreciate Jeff's side of it, one must remember his background. It's a far cry from the Puritan home of his parents, to the Hollywood he knows today. The family was quite poor. Jeff says there weren't even electric lights until he was eighteen years of age. There were eight children all told. Jeff was no different from the rest. As Ragnar Geoffrey Lind, early in life he learned the meaning of hard work, respect for his father and mother, to live conservatively and clean. There was no time out for fun. Curled up in an arm chair during the long winter evenings, this young idealist found his one escape in books. Out of all this he had to fit himself into the Hollywood mould.

It was Bette Davis who presented the picture clearly, when a few of us happened to be discussing Jeffrey Lynn.

"I know exactly what Jeff has been going through," said Bette. "I came from the same New England background and had to go through it myself. Jeff will work out of it, too—if people will just let

[*Continued on page* 88]

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"Marriage Is Not Enough!"

[Continued from page 37]

ing for his car to come up the drive.

"I don't believe that nonsense about actresses not being like other women. That's simply an alibi, thought up by the girls themselves, in order to cover a multitude of sins and selfishnesses. An actress can go through life like other women, if she is normal. I," said our Miss Bruce, "am normal.

"I've heard actresses say they want careers, particularly if they are married to men in this business, because they want to keep on being glamourous to their husbands. I think that's nonsense, too. And it's not my reason for wanting a career. Because I don't believe a woman is ever more glamourous to a man than when she is functioning *as a female.* 'Male and Female created He them' . . . and a woman is never more appealing than when she stays on the female side of that biological life. And as she is most female when she is domestic and dependent . . . well, that answers that.

"No, I don't want a career in order to remain glamourous to my husband. I'm not one of those who believe it hurts to let a man see you without make-up. If it does, then say 'ta-ta' and have done with him. *Skin-deep things peel off.* Nor do I believe that a woman 'lets herself go' if she stays at home. Feminine pride goes deeper than that. I certainly know that I keep myself just as sleek and smart for my husband as I do for any George Brent or Errol Flynn on a movie set.

"I don't want a career because I think it makes me more interesting or stimulating to my husband, either. Mentally, I mean now. It's true that when I'm not working, I have less to say; when I am working, I blab all the time. And while I think Sonny gets kind of a kick out of it, it may well be that he'd rather hear me talk about canning and preserving than about the kind of thing he hears all day long at the studio.

"I've heard women who are married to very busy, professional men say they have to have careers, or *wish* they had careers, in order to keep them from being lonely; that their husbands are too busy to spend any time with them. There is a group of women out here, wives of producers mostly, who are called 'The Bachelor Wives of Hollywood,' because their husbands are never with them. I've given dinner parties, invited half a dozen producers and their wives—*none of the husbands came.* But I haven't that excuse, either. Sonny is always home by six-thirty, *always.* Which is sweet of him and very sweet for me.

"Another popular stock reason women give for saying 'Marriage is not enough' is that they haven't enough to do, at home. The Machine Age, they say, with its vacuum cleaners, washing machines, fireless cookers and other labor-saving devices make household duties too light to be time-filling. With nursery schools and the scientific way children are raised today, they say, even home *and* children do not fill a woman's day. While if you have *servants,* they sigh, you are practically a she-drone . . . *I don't agree.*

"I, for instance," laughed Virginia, "have spent the entire morning supervising the scouring and de-mothing of our rugs and drapes. I have picked and arranged a dozen bowls of flowers. I've conferred with the dry-cleaner about whether it's better to dry-clean or launder some little jackets of Susan's. I've worked in the garden, uprooting last year's petunias, spraying geraniums with Vitamin A. I've called up some little girls and asked them to come and play with Susan this afternoon. If a woman is really domestic, there are certain things she does in her home herself, no matter how many servants she has. And neither nursery schools nor a governess take a mother's place with her child.

"I don't know what women *mean* when they say 'I have nothing to do.' Why on earth should they do nothing? How can they be 'bored?' I'd *never* be bored, if I were not working. I'd paint and draw. I can, too. I have a little talent that way. I'd take up piano again. I love to sew and knit. I love to wash curtains and clean pantry cupboards. I love to mend linen, garden, make a cast-iron biscuit. I'd like to improve my tennis, not to mention my mind. I'd like to be a good bridge player. I'd like to go to college. I would. I'd like to go to U.C.L.A. and study gardening and psychology. I'd like to learn to book-bind . . . why, there are so *many* things! Above all, I'd like to spend more time with my child, the one I have now, the others I hope to have some day . . .

"No, Great Scott, no, it's not because I'd be bored at home that I want a career. It's not that I have nothing to do with my time. There's never enough of the stuff. It 'fugits' like a frightening phantom.

"I'm not even the career-type, the vital, go-getting sort of woman. I've never gone out after things. I've never fought for things. I don't know how, I haven't the weapons. Things have always happened to me and I've simply done the best I could with them when they came my way.

"I gave up my career when I married Jack Gilbert. I went to Irving Thalberg then and asked to be released from my contract. I would never work again, I said, I would stay in the home, where a woman belongs. But Irving, wise in many more ways than one, told me 'You'll be back. I'll just suspend you.' And he did. And I was. He knew, you see, that the modern woman lives in a different world from the world of her mother. He knew that *the pattern has changed.*

"And he was right. Well, then, my marriage went to pieces. And then I got ambitious for the first time. I had Susan. I had my family. I wanted to give them everything I could. I knew I'd better get in there and pitch.

"I tried, I really tried. I got a little excited, felt I was getting a little bit of somewhere when I played in 'The Great Ziegfeld,' in 'Born To Dance,' in 'Bad Man of Brimstone.' I married Sonny. Then things just went along for a couple of years. And then, the last two pictures I did at M-G-M, they were my downfall. They washed over me like the waters of oblivion. I found I didn't take kindly to oblivion. It was sort of sickish, like a sickish anesthetic. I'd get letters from fans, asking *'Are you dead?'*

"Then I didn't work at all for eight months. Maybe I should have gone in and talked to Mr. Mayer oftener. But I can't do that sort of thing. I stumble over my own feet, get twisted up in my own tongue. I had such an unwanted feeling. I felt they were fed up with me, bored with me. There were all the new girls coming along, Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Vivien Leigh, they increased my feeling of inferiority. I *never* feel I have anything to offer, compared with other girls.

"Then is when I should have said 'Marriage *is* enough.' But I didn't. Something in me that has no name made me stubborn. I got a new agent. He did for me what I, being I, could not do for myself. He gave me new enthusiasm and brand-new courage. Aided and abetted by him, I asked to be released from my M-G-M contract. And that alone should have proven to me how much I want a career. Because that was the hardest thing I ever had to do in my whole life. All the harder because they were wonderful to me about it.

"So, why, then, why with love and child and home in my life, with more things to do than I can ever accomplish, why this compulsion to go on careering?

"Well, I could evade the issue by saying that I can't stop now because I have too many responsibilities, too much to pay out. I like to do things for my family." (*Virginia has just built her mother a home, and furnished it.*) "I can say I like to have my own money. I do. That's part of being a modern woman. I can say, because it's true, that I kind of like to keep 'in things,' it's kind of fun. But only 'kind of.' I'm not hag-ridden by the thing. I know that if I *had* to make a choice between my marriage and my career, I'd take my marriage like a shot out of heaven.

"No, none of these reasons answers the question honestly. I could manage them, if I wanted to badly enough, without working.

"Irving Thalberg gave me the real answer. When he said 'You'll be back.' When he knew we live in a different world, we modern women. When he knew *the pattern has changed.*

"For that's the real answer: *the pattern has changed.* The loom is bigger, the loom of women's lives, much bigger. Our capacity for living has so enlarged that *nothing is enough, short of everything.*

"Yes, that's the answer," said Virginia, "we've got to have everything, we girls of today. We've got to use every thread in the new pattern. It's not a question of any one individual, any little me. The individual is just one thread in the pattern and as the pattern goes, the thread goes.

"That's why marriage, whether it's made in Heaven or in Hollywood, is not enough today. That's why *nothing* is enough, short of *everything.*

"We're modern women, living in our times," Virginia fetched up triumphantly, *"that's* the answer."

Lamour and the Stagedoor Johnnies of Hollywood!

[Continued from page 74]

and told me he had to have $500 right then and there to save him from a financial embarrassment. He demanded I give it to him, because we'd once been in the newspapers and we'd played tennis together.

"Then there was a boy who wrote charming and interesting fan letters. I replied to one and he sent me his picture and asked for a date. Next thing, he'd discovered my home address and was calling on me. I had to explain to him that I couldn't accept his invitations and for weeks he'd hang around the front of the house. He made me feel very uncomfortable just seeing him there.

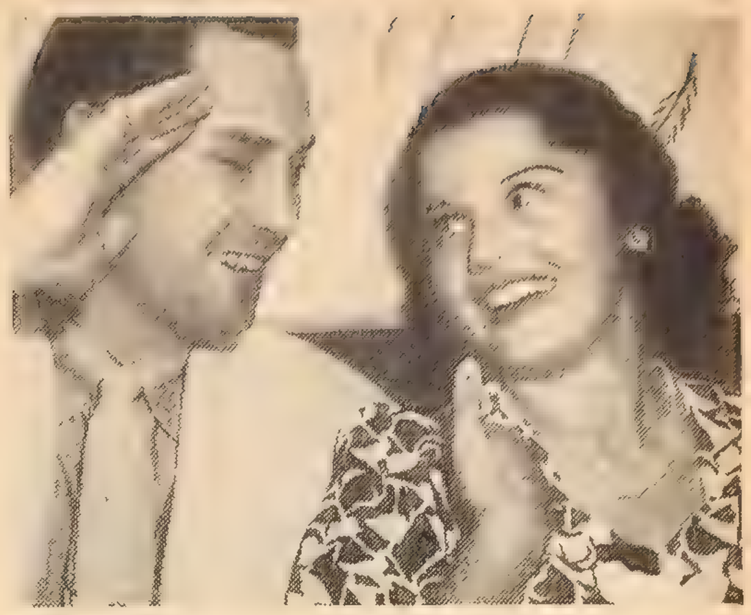
"Then there was a boy who always stood out in front of the studio gate waiting for me. I began smiling at him and after six weeks he caught me at a stop sign and asked if he might ride a ways with me. I always drive my car by myself, so this once, I thought, there wouldn't be any harm in taking him along. We'd only gone two blocks when he pulled the car over to the curb and jerked out the keys and said he wouldn't give them back until I promised to go "steady" with him. He kept me there for two hours until some people came along and I called to them for help!

"Then there was the one who picketed in front of the studio, *Dorothy Lamour Is Unfair To Me.* He was a mental case. Another drew a big picture of me on the studio gate. When the police asked him what in the dickens he thought he was doing, he begged off with the excuse that he was a Tyrone Power type and wanted to get into pictures. He thought by this way he'd get his picture in the papers and get some publicity.

"One sent me roses every day for weeks. Sometimes there were a dozen. Sometimes only one. But always roses. I didn't know who was sending them. And I began smiling inquisitively at every one who'd ever paid me the slightest bit of attention, wondering if they'd break down and admit them.

"Then suddenly there appeared at the studio gate a most disreputable man of about forty and baldheaded. He asked if he could be my body guard. Said he'd been sending the flowers and was in love with me. He'd come from Connecticut as a hobo and wanted to spend the rest of his life being my shadow.

"Of course, there's the perfectly harmless type—those who send you mash notes. And those who love to flatter a girl. And then there is the autograph seeker. It makes you happy when they think that your name on a piece of paper is important enough to ask for."



Clayton Moore, ex-boy friend of Lupe Velez, salutes the American Flag on Olympe Bradna's thumbnail. Fingernail flags are a new fad among the actresses in Hollywood where patriotism runs high.

Everytime Dorothy Lamour makes a personal appearance on Broadway, with her name twinkling out in front in a colorful neons, there's a long line of Stagedoor Johnnies forming to the right. And can you blame them—for Dorothy's just as delectable—just as soft-voiced—and wide-eyed, as you see her in a sarong on a south sea island on the screen. More so I thought, as I looked at her relaxing on the peach satin chaise longue.

"The Broadway legend of the stagedoor still holds true," Dorothy says. "But the Stagedoor Johnnies are different in Hollywood."

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[Continued from page 85]

him alone. When a person is discovered by Hollywood, it's taken for granted that he can make the adjustment overnight. They don't stop to think that it takes a long time to overcome the teachings and influences instilled from childhood. We grow up a certain way. We are taught to believe a certain way. We have to gradually retrench with a new point of view. To a person who has never known the spotlight of attention, it's all pretty confusing for a long time."

Aside from his momentary weariness, Jeff has indeed come a long ways toward fulfilling Bette's prophecy. He has developed an ingratiating humorous slant on himself. His amusing account of "Broadway Rose" is proof of this. Warner Brothers have made him a star—which isn't bad in two years' time. In fact, everything is pretty much under control, except this business of being an eligible bachelor. Jeff is really serious on the subject and yet he takes every precaution not to sound that way.

"A great deal has been written about this," Jeff was saying. "Most of it I never said myself. I think the *first* day I signed my contract, someone asked me about my *ideal girl*. At that stage of the game, the only thing I was interested in was an *ideal script!* It's easier for me to talk about these things now. I've really never said what I actually felt before. Maybe I've grown a bit. At least, I feel that I have.

"It sounds pretty silly for a guy to say that it's tough to be pursued by a lot of women. I don't mean that—*please make this clear*. It happens to every young actor I know. But people rib us a lot. They make suggestive remarks and ask how it feels to be a heart throb. We run into ticklish situations, too. Oh, I know it isn't a matter of life or death. But there is another side to the picture. Everyone used to moan and groan because I didn't make "hot" romantic copy. Now, through some kind fate, my career has taken on. Naturally, I've had many experiences with women and some are pretty strange. Looking at it objectively, this is the way I feel.

"To start out with, I was a country kid. When I went to high school in the city I was scared to death. The girls there were so poised and sure of themselves. Very modestly I say this, but I have always been a target for aggressive girls. I was busy working after school for one thing. But I was afraid to ask any girl to go out with me. I was afraid she would turn me down.

"When I first came to Hollywood I still felt the same way. I told myself that I didn't have enough to offer girls in the way of companionship. Another thing, I never actually *saw* girls before. I was concerned over my future. I wanted to make good and do things for my family. Now that I have been able to do that, now I can *see* girls. Apparently, I am no longer a country boy.

"There are all sorts of problems and frustrations. Letters of every description have been sent to me asking to meet me —some of them threatening if I refused. One letter from a girl touched me so much I did follow through on it. This girl wrote that she had been in Hollywood for a year, trying to find a job. She was going home a failure. For her last night in Hollywood she asked if she might meet me, because she had admired me on the screen.

"I traced her through four hotels before I located her. She was quite tall, not beautiful, but attractive, and she made it clear that she had no ulterior motives. Instead of having the feeling that I was really making someone happy, I got extremely nervous. Her awestruck worship was so apparent, I found myself tearing myself down to prove that I wasn't any different than she was. I went overboard trying to behave like an ordinary human being—which I didn't. I could have been more interesting if I had been the way she *expected* me to be.

"There are those embarrassing moments that invariably happen at parties. Sometimes it's someone's wife who can't handle her cocktails. Not because it's me —but because I am an actor she'll clamp on to me and get very affectionate. This makes me ill at ease and I wonder what her husband must be thinking. I feel sorry for husbands who have to go to parties where actors are present. I always try to win them over because I know what they feel. Coming out of the theatre in Milwaukee, one nice chap handed me an autograph book and said: 'My wife is out of town. She wired for me to get this for her.' I looked up at him quickly and he was actually smiling. I wish they all would assume this attitude.

"There's usually one girl at every party who shows up without a chaperone. When she finds you in a similar predicament, she feels it is a sacred duty to take you over. You don't know who she is, whether she is married or single. You try to be courteous and not too personal. She turns on you and tells you she never thought you'd be this dull. Then there's the girl who slips you her phone number and apologetically explains it's the first time she's ever done this, because 'she doesn't usually go out with actors.'

"Just after I was in my first play, I received a letter from a married woman. She asked me to insert an ad in the local paper if I was interested in a 'pleasant friendship with Mrs. Brown.' So you see after we actors are put through this machine called fame, even though we've got to take chances—it's pretty valuable that we keep in touch with normal people living in normal communities. Otherwise, there is no time to study life as we remember it. *That's* when we *do* begin to take ourselves too seriously."

"I asked for it," I said hurriedly, for fear he might start in making retractions. "And there is just one question more. Now that you know what it means to be an eligible bachelor—now that you *are* as popular with the ladies as you once wanted to be, just exactly how do you feel about it?"

Jeff looked thoughtful for the moment. Then he began to grin again.

"Did you ever hear the story about the donkey that stood between two buckets of oats and starved to death—because he couldn't make up his mind which one to choose? Well—that donkey is *me!*"

Eligible bachelor indeed!

Meet Jeffrey Lynn the philosopher.

Youre Thrilling

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Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS
NEW YORK

Pat Morison—Ex-Wallflower

[Continued from page 40]

The fact that the Brenons brought back an Irish ham to the Morison family has no significance.

"Because of things like this I found myself losing interest even in drawing and growing constantly fonder of Shakespeare and the Lunts." She interrupted herself to ask how I could read the scrawls I was making on the back of an old envelope. The same thought had occurred to me so there was no answer. She continued. "Then, after study and practise in front of a mirror, I landed a walk-on part in 'Growing Pains,' along with Johnny Downs and Junior Durkin. I remember that I wore a snappy peach-net dress."

Miss Morison lit a huge Russian cigaret, passed them around and went on through the smoke screen.

"I sang a risqué song in French in a short-lived Greenwich Village play and then things theatrical got slack. Soooo, I whipped up a batch of fashion sketches and took them over to Russeks, on Fifth Avenue. They liked my stuff well enough to sign me on for six months. Then came a part in a Lenore Ulric effort called 'Road To Paradise.'"

In this she played the part of a Scotch girl who has gotten into an "interesting" condition necessitating a hasty marriage. The tight dress she wore on her slim figure as this character made the audience howl.

As Helen Hayes' understudy in "Victoria Regina" she was next door to a marvelous chance—a door which Miss Hayes' robust health kept closed to her.

"Meanwhile, I studied dancing with Martha Graham to learn movement in relation to activity and to eliminate tenseness onstage. Also singing with Ethelyne Thorne—because a girl in this business should know how. Funny thing—I got into pictures through my singing and *I haven't sung a note in a picture yet!*

"I wouldn't want to sing a great deal, say about as much as Irene Dunne does, yes? But to go back, I also tried my hand at modeling only to have a photographer say I didn't photograph well, but he'd use me for gloves." He should be made to eat his camera, that gentleman. . . .

"I had made the rounds of the agents' offices, you know how long that can go on! At each one I filled out a card saying that I could act, dance and sing. One particular office was low on singers, apparently, because they called me one morning.

"When I arrived there a biggish woman came up to me and barked: 'Are you Morison? You sing? All right, sing something!' She liked what I managed to get out well enough to send me to a theatre where fifty-nine other girls were auditioning for an operetta. I prayed that I would be last so they'd be so tired they'd be ready to accept any voice. I was *first!*

"They asked for something sweet and old so I sang the only thing I knew on that order, 'Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes.' It went over—they sent the others away and I found myself in the cast of 'Two Bouquets.'"

She wouldn't have been able to sing a note at that audition if it hadn't been for the producer, Bela Blau, who took pity on the shaking young thing and made her sit and talk calmly to him for a few minutes.

Warner Brothers sent a scout to "catch" the show, but they wanted a soprano and she was a mezzo-soprano—no go. Paramount's scout came next. He stayed until her name was on a contract and she was on *The Chief,* bound for Hollywood.

"I can remember my first scene on the movie set as though it were taking place in this room," she closed her eyes. "The picture was 'Persons In Hiding' and I was a beauty parlor operator, combing Judith Barrett's hair. When I finished I had to say, 'There now, it's done.' Then I tried on her fur coat and filched her purse—nice people!

"I was so nervous that day that if it hadn't been for a studio visit from Stanton Griffiths (*Whitney Bourne's husband*), who brought regards from New York friends and the encouragement of Mr. Naish, I just couldn't have gone through with it. I'm still jittery on opening day of making a picture. . . ."

Miss Morison isn't overly excited anymore, but Paramount is. After only three pictures the company has decided Miss M. should be a star and has teamed her

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with Ray Milland in "Untamed," a Technicolor epic of the north woods.

A Paramount drama coach and makeup expert recently studied Miss Morison carefully and gave the following confusion to the world via publicity releases. Said one: ". . . Miss Morison is a striking brunette with a brunette voice and a distinctly blonde personality, with all the vivacity of the blonde and the intensity of the brunette—she's all mixed up, but sweet." *Not half as mixed up as the drama coach is. . . .*

The other one stated: "Blonde-brunette. She's fire—and ice. Her hair is auburn, but what goes on underneath is platinum. Decidedly a blonde with blue eyes—and dark hair. Funny, but awfully interesting." *Not funny at all, Joe, but mighty,* mighty *interesting. . . .*

Suppose *we* study her—perhaps, we're smarter than these Hollywood experts.

She is mildly athletic. Stands five feet five inches and weighs 118. She rides and fences and expects to study with Basil Rathbone's fencing instructor. She and her brother have bought a sailing ketch (*for $160*) because they detest stinkpots (*motorboats*). She bicycles, but has had to alone. Now however, her English cousins, Dennis and Ursula Skeate, newly arrived, are going to pedal with her. She swims badly and is too lazy for tennis. She will take walks in New York City where "there are things to see," but not in Hollywood.

Her eating tastes run to roast beef, chicken, European dishes and Italian and Spanish ones. Her cooking ability is minus, with her only real achievement being tea-making. She uses an earthenware pot that she has rinsed well with boiling hot water. She measures the tea with her fingers. Then she brings the pot *to* the kettle and lets it brew for two or three minutes. She has tried her pretty hand at *omelette Mussolini* and a chafing-dish present resulted in a *café diable* that put the family under the table. *Crepes suzette* are distinctly out.

She is a terrific Mexican devotee and has haunted the (*New York*) Museum of Modern Art's Mexican exhibition. She and her brother, Alex, first drove to Mexico in his '35 Ford and stayed there three weeks. For the fun of it, Alex sang at a night club and the senoritas begged him to stay. He did—and formed a band. Pat flew back to the U. S. for Christmas, but returned in a month with her mother. Oddly enough, Pat doesn't like Mexican food, but loves the country's art. She visited Mexico's great artist, Diego Rivera and he responded by taking her to spots few *gringos* ever have seen. He ended up by giving her two figurines his Indians had unearthed from Aztec mounds. Something Mr. Rivera rarely does. She bought two statues of St. Francis from natives. The statues were two hundred years old and cost her 160 pesos—whatever that may come to.

She wears a native-made, silver charm bracelet loaded with miniature arms, legs and coins. There's a reason for it all. If you have a pain in your leg you buy a tiny silver leg, attach it to your bracelet and zingo! the pain she is gone! One of the coins had what she called the *Pillars Of Hercules* on it. The *Pillars* are two columns held together by a weaving line from which was taken our dollar sign—catch on? Her understanding of Mexico was broadened by reading Prescott's "Conquest Of Mexico." Her description of the country is better than good: *wonderful, strange, tragic, poor, beautiful, terrific, artistic—a land of natives who are appreciative of their country and at the same time proud and lazy.*

Her movie favorites are Bette Davis and Greta Garbo on the female side and Charles Boyer and Robert Donat on the other. Oddly enough, these two gentlemen are precisely the men she wants to play opposite. She doesn't get to see many movies these days, but she is taking up sculpture and the piano and that occupies her spare time. She dances the rhumba and the tango, but is no jitterbug. She doesn't mind talking over the telephone and hops out of bed early in the morning. But not until after her usual breakfast of coffee and orange juice which has been served her in it.

As for clothes—she believes evening dress can go to any extreme. Isn't used to slacks yet, even though her tailor sent over three pairs some time ago. Likes peasant dresses and tailored suits and fussy afternoon wear. "But," she grinned, "hats really *send* me!" (*To borrow a very expressive word from the jitterbug's dictionary*). In one picture sequence, Mr. Naish had to grab her negligee-covered arm while he yelled, "You little fool!" As she dressed for the opera that night she was admiring the way her strapless evening gown hung, when she looked up into the mirror. There on her arm was Mr. Naish's hand print clear as day!

Her reading runs to biographies—such as the "Life Of Leonardo da Vinci," which she recommends. She found "How Green Was My Valley" quite good, but on the whole doesn't care for fiction. Detective and ghost stories don't come under this ban—at least, not if they're gory or creepy. She is the world's worst correspondent. Gets moody when she's writing a letter and uses up piles of paper for one short thank-you note. Usually ends up by forgetting to mail the thing.

Is one of those women who likes both men and women for friends. Sleeps in a nightgown and goes in for elaborate bed jackets. Likes a bath before bed and then plop in between the sheets with a book and a hand to the radio switch where she listens to Fred Allen, Jack Benny or Bob Hope. Likes the "Music To Read By" program, but finds in her case that it's often music to *sleep* by. She has the longest hair in Hollywood—42 inches long. She has to wash it in the shower because it gets all tangled up in the basin. Swabs it with soap, rushes under shower, out again and more soap, back again for a final rinse. Her 42-inch tresses beat Dorothy Lamour's former 36, Anna May Wong's 34, Evelyn Venable's 34 and Arleen Whelan's 32.

She's funny about the daily rushes (*results of day's shooting*). Hates to see them, they give her an inferiority complex. Mr. Naish (*who seems to be helpful to every Paramount star this writer has interviewed*) advised her to see them—to correct acting mistakes. Lynne Overman told her to ignore them if they bothered her. She compromised. Overman, she says, is the same off screen as on—never seems

to care a hang about anything, but usually ends up by stealing the picture. She was scared of Hollywood to begin with because she and her mother had to rush out there and Pat had never been south of Philly or north of Maine, in this country.

In "The Magnificent Fraud," she played a lovely super-glamour girl opposite Lloyd Nolan and Akim Tamiroff —the latter playing a dual role. Tamiroff lives his parts to the hilt and even goes to the trouble of making sketches of the make-up he wants. In fact, when he came onto the set the first day of shooting she didn't recognize him in his make-up. He, however, bowed low and asked her politely how she was.

In the forthcoming "Untamed," she plays opposite Ray Milland, who, she says, every girl wants for her leading man. The grizzly bear, who attacks Milland's double in the picture, was a northerner and worked well on the cold set, but off screen the California climate made him a sleeping beauty. The snow scenes were done in a Hollywood cold storage warehouse where thousands of pounds of ice were shaved into mountains of snow while warm August zephyrs blew outside the building. The place abounded in sleds and snow-flecked horses and was freezing cold. They built an intermediary room where they went to cool off or warm up and where they all sang while they were waiting. She rode a horse through the snow and though he was a California product, who'd never seen snow before, he stepped through the drifts as nimbly as a polar horse.

Love has been her way and left. She was engaged to Count de Morny, a French-Hungarian, who stepped aside when she left for Hollywood. She was to return to him in a year if her feeling for him was stronger than her desire to act. She is still in Hollywood. She has been seen at the Clover Club, the "Troc" and the Victor Hugo with an assortment of young men—including Howard Hughes, Robert Preston and Jean Negulesco.

And so ends the story of a wallflower that grew and grew, until it turned into one of the most capable and attractive actresses in Hollywood. There isn't a wallflower in the world that can't, with a little extra care, grow up into a big beautiful orchid like Patricia Morison.

All they need is a lot of grit and a little understanding. . . .

"Penny Wise, Pound Foolish"

[Continued from page 47]

every second.

Rosemary, however, really shouldn't say much, for she doesn't know a thing about an oddity known as a budget. She loves clothes and buys plenty of them. Pat simply looks at her woefully and is firmly convinced her sister is doing all in her power to put the Lane household behind the eight ball.

The third part of the Lane family, Lola, buys hats by the dozens. And they're all expensive ones. She just can't resist every new style. On the other hand, though, in order to keep some semblance of a budget, Lola washes her own hair most of the time. And she claims she saves plenty by such an act of economy. It might pay to add here that Pat and Rosemary can't quite see eye to eye with her on this idea.

Wendy Barrie always looks very chic on the screen, but her pet aversion is spending money on clothes. She'll walk miles to get a bargain on a dress. $16.50 is her usual price, and it takes an awful lot of sales power to get her to jump this sum. She claims that if a dress looks and feels well on you, why pay more. She has no time for the stars who patronize the exclusive shops and buy outfits for a mere $600 when she knows her $16.50 number looks just as smart. But with all her bargaining, she has yet to find a bargain on shoes. She knows it's possible to get shoes for less than she pays, but she doesn't know how yet. In other words, they get her in her weak spot.

Alice Faye is another who doesn't see any point in spending exorbitant prices for clothes. She has fine outfits, but she doesn't pay a lot for them. Her early days in New York, when she had to dress smartly on little, taught her how to get the best in clothes for the least. But Alice counteracts her economy with a terrific yen for perfume and radios. She has eight radios, one in every room in her house,

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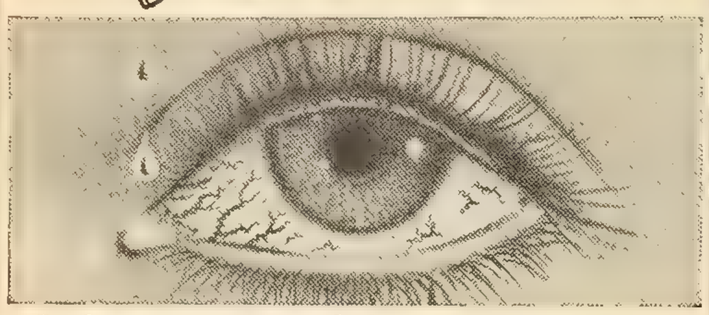

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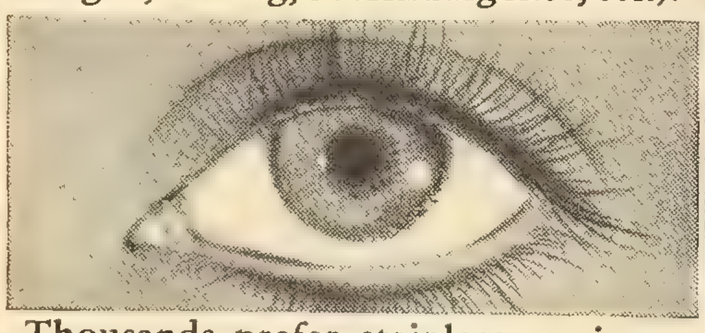

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and she is always buying a new model. As for perfume, there's no holding her. She'll buy almost every kind that appeals to her, large bottles, too. But, invariably, she'll ask her friends to take a sniff of a certain brand. If they like it, as they usually do, Alice ups and gives them the whole bottle. Consequently, she's always having to buy perfume and is always out of it.

The screen's ace dramatic actress, Bette Davis, is a stickler for manicuring her own nails. She firmly believes that girls could save hundreds of dollars a year if they would just do their own nails. But Bette has a phobia for flowers, and try as she will, there's nothing she can do about saving money when it comes to buying posies. Her house is always cluttered up with them, and if she has no room for any more, she'll obey her urge by sending boxes and boxes to friends of hers. A flower shop traps her every time. The longer she stands looking in the window at the brightly colored blossoms, the more she buys when she goes in—and she always goes in.

Among the odd economies of Hollywood are those of Paul Muni and Elizabeth Patterson. Both are string savers.

Muni will save every scrap of string he can put his hands on. He doesn't know why mere string intrigues him, but it does. As for its uses, he couldn't even explain that himself. It's just something inside of him that says he must not throw away a single stray strand, for, as he tries to excuse himself, it might come in very handy some day, and he thinks buying string is foolish.

So, since he saves on that item, he feels he should be allowed an extravagance. But his budget balancing is slightly cockeyed. If he ever wanders into a book store, as he often does, he'll buy everything in sight that appeals to him. He says that when he was young, he never had time to read, so now he's making up for lost time. And, reluctantly, he'll admit that it takes a lot of string to make up for the bill that comes in for volumes of this and that. But culture's the thing, according to Muni.

Elizabeth Patterson may be a model mother, but she'd hate to have to ever manage a household in real life. For, in Patty's own words, she's a miserable manager. To her addiction to saving string is added her fondness for empty boxes of every description. But as her boxes and strings, that she won't buy unless necessary, are helping her, in some unknown way, to balance her liabilities and assets, along comes a friend who says, "Oh, I've just heard of the most marvelous new cosmetic." And in a jiffy, Patty's eyes are popping and off she goes to buy the new discovery, regardless of cost. She's a sucker for cosmetics and all that goes with them, including old compacts, lipsticks, and powder.

Leslie Howard, another member of the group of Hollywood's screwy economists, takes great pride in reminding himself that he saves a lot of money by wearing his usual outfit of grey flannels, sport coat, and sandals. He claims his clothes cost him very little, and he wears them a long time. Then, just as he's priding himself on his amazing thrift, a new Packard automobile makes its appearance on the floors, and Leslie is off. The models must, of course, be the very expensive kind. So it's no uncommon sight to see Leslie riding along in a spiffy Packard, but dressed in his usual lackadaisical clothes. Such is his idea of balancing the budget.

On the other hand, Tyrone Power hates to buy new cars. He only recently traded in his old number for a new model. But the next day after the sale, he got a twinge of conscience and went to buy his old car back again. However, it had been sold. Ty's extravagance, though, is quite individual and odd. He's a sucker for miniature trains, tracks, and all, and he'll spend plenty on his hobby. He also economizes on flowers, preferring, wisely enough, sentiment behind them and taste in choice.

Errol Flynn, to get back to the clothes-haters, is another who hates to be dressed up. He, too, likes old tweed jackets, simply because he feels comfortable in them. At the present, he's wearing an old-timer that is giving away at the elbows. But he wouldn't think of giving it up and buying a new one. Since Errol doesn't like day clothes, he always wears informal sport outfits. Then, too, to save himself from being sorely tempted to buy something that catches his eye, he carries very little pocket money with him. If he hasn't the ough-day, he figures he *can't* be tempted.

However, Errol's days as a sea-roving adventurer have left their mark on his ideas of a budget. His pet extravagances are his yachts and his riding pants. He already has owned two yachts, and the one he has now, "Cheerio," constantly keeps him in the red. But that doesn't bother him very much. He figures that if he wears a tweed jacket long enough and doesn't carry a lot of money around with him, he'll be able to save enough to pay for a week or two's expenses on his yacht.

In filmdom, there are some actors who feel the urge to be mechanical genii. They feel their inventive ability saves time and dough, and helps greatly to institute some economy. Warren Williams tops this class.

Warren is continually saving every nail, bolt, or screw he can find, for he feels his practice saves him having to buy these necessities. And since Warren has a thousand and one gadgets on his place in Encino, gadgets he has invented himself, he is always in need of a stray bolt or screw. But, to counteract his saving, his inventions, themselves, run up into a pretty penny. They are, to him, his pet economies.

Warren's extravagances don't end with his expensive tinkerings. For some time he owned a schooner called the "Pegasus." It was ducky for week-end cruises and vacations. But it wasn't until Mitchell Frug, who handles his accounts, pointed out that the schooner was becoming too expensive to be a hobby, that Warren finally gave in and sold it. He forgot that a ship costs a great deal while it lies idly at port, and Warren was busy so much of the time, he didn't get many chances to use it. Now, therefore, to save money, he merely charters a boat when he wants to go on a cruise. But is that economy exactly? Warren doesn't know yet. But

he will unless we're mistaken.

Speaking of yachts, Victor McLaglen always advised his friends not to buy boats, telling them what a reckless extravagance they were. The situation has changed now, for Vic has a yacht of his own. He alibis himself by saying that it gives him pleasure and saves him money on his vacations. Even his best friends won't laugh in his face at this excuse.

Dorothy Lamour, to cite another example of a real economist, has a yen for antiques of all kinds. Now she knows such a hobby is quite expensive. So she will shop for her old pieces, go in a store and price them, and immediately come out, without buying anything. If a certain antique strikes her fancy, she'll send her mother in to buy it, because she knows she can get it cheaper. Even stars realize that establishments automatically raise prices when they see a glamour girl come in.

But Dottie isn't all economy by any means. She has a terrific weakness for hats, usually the exclusive models. For example, when she returned from New York recently, she brought back eighteen chapeaux. And bang went the savings she had made by having her mother buy the antiques.

When Fred MacMurray wasn't eating regularly some years past, he thought up a scheme that fairly reeked of wise saving. He began to save every stray dime that he could spare. Then someone invented the calendar bank. You know, you put a dime in the bank every day and the clink of the coin automatically designates the date. Well, Fred has already put enough dimes in the gadget, so many in fact that his calendar is months ahead of schedule. When the thing is filled, he takes his dimes to the bank and deposits them proudly, quite conscious of his great saving.

His economy doesn't stop here, however. 'Tis rumored that he even saves old razor blades and merely sharpens them all the time—at least, until they wear out completely. With such economies, you'd think Fred would be pretty consistent when it came to watching his money. Oh, no! He has one weakness. He loves to see his wife looking nice, and every pretty outfit he sees, he picks up and takes home to her. And Fred wonders why his budget isn't as evenly balanced as it should be. One look at his beautiful wife and he no longer cares.

One of the oddest pet economies in Hollywood is that of Margaret Lindsay. Margaret will walk blocks before she'll pay a nickel to make a phone call. It's a very definite phobia of hers. She feels it is an utter waste of money—and even an extravagance. But she has no sense of values when it comes to buying perfume and costume jewelry. Margaret is, on the whole, just about the most consistent economist and budget follower in town, however.

Sonja Henie knows how to buy shoes, since she has had to purchase so many of them. And no one can make her pay too much for a pair. But, on the other hand, she lives in the finest home in Bel-Air and probably pays more rent than any other star in Hollywood.

To carry on, John Garfield hates to buy clothes, thus putting him in the Howard-Flynn bracket. Only recently he reluctantly purchased his first tuxedo. He never is called upon to wear fine outfits in pictures, so he doesn't care a tinker's damn for them. But he's a nut about phonograph records. Once, years ago, he said he'd have all the music he wanted if he had money. Well, he kept his promise. He hopes his money will last, because now he's beginning to realize you can't wear a disk of Stokowski and the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra playing, "Ride of the Valkyries."

Jimmy Cagney is another hater of clothes, but he has a more intense dislike for plunking out cold cash for shoes. If it's necessary, he'll buy a pair of good shoes, but he'll make up for his expense by wearing them until they fall apart. He makes most of them last by constant re-soling and re-heeling. His excuse is that he gets attached to a good pair of shoes and hates to part with them.

But Jimmy has an expensive weakness. He likes to get away. And his hideouts cost him plenty. He has a boat in Balboa, a resort not far from Hollywood, and that does his budget plenty of harm. Besides those items, he keeps up his farm in New England, even though he only gets to visit it occasionally. You mustn't forget, though, that what he saves on shoes helps some—or does it?

Another class of Hollywood economists is the household budgeters. One of the prime examples is Joan Blondell.

One day, Joan decided to whip up a batch of cookies. Butter was needed, so she used some. That evening, at dinner,

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there was no butter on the table. Joan asked the maid why, and was politely informed that the quota for the week had been used up because of Joan's culinary efforts and there was no more in the house. Yes, Joan even puts butter on a budget, allowing the family just so much.

After being careful at home, however, Joan will go out for dinner on the maid's off day and order a meal that will cost her more than the entire week's allowance at home. And so she practices economy in her own rather puzzling way.

Don Ameche also watches his household account very seriously. His place isn't streaming with butlers and maids. In fact, some old friends of his from Wisconsin watch over the household needs for him and his family. He seldom entertains when he's in Hollywood, for he's too busy working. But when he gets a vacation, he throws huge parties that run up into real dough. The sky's the limit then. In other words, when he works he works hard, and when he plays, he plays hard. Don also has no conception of economy when it comes to calling his wife long distance during the times he is away on location or on a special tour. Recently, to give an example, he paid $120 phone bill for a call to his wife. And, too, although this isn't extravagance, for it's more of a kindness, he just bought his mother and father a complete home.

Time and time again, I've seen Joe E. Brown try valiantly to keep his pocket money within set limits. He watches his daily expenditures with an eagle eye. But since he entered the horse racing game and has his own stables, the oat bills have more than overbalanced his economy on spending money. He has the fever, though, and occasionally one of his nags romps home a winner and helps to change a few of the red figures to black.

Then there's the classic Hollywood example of the stars' ideas of thrift. Burns and Allen bought their home already built because it was cheaper than starting from scratch. No sooner had they moved in, though, than all idea of saving was forgotten, and they proceeded to make the house over foot by foot until the total bills exceeded the cost of a much more elaborate one.

Another classic illustration is Jane Withers. Jane will save out of her allowance for months, depriving herself of shows or ice cream, so she can buy a new pet or a new doll to complete her large collection. But her pet extravagance is her habit of finding some little girl with what Jane thinks an amazing ability as a pianist. Jane will then insist that her mother pay for the child's lessons and, if necessary, buy her a new piano.

There are many other cases of Hollywood economies. George Brent with his economy when it comes to entertaining, his preference for small, but nice, parties instead of immense affairs, and then paying all too frequent visits to rare old book shops and coming out loaded; John Payne and his thrift by not smoking cigarettes, preferring to use his money on many and very expensive shoes because, as he says, "I like the feel of good leather;" Marie Wilson and her buying very little for herself so she will have enough to break the bank on gifts for her friends; Ned Sparks, who buys only inexpensive suits at the extra's favorite store, so he can spend his money on hospital bills for his pet bulldog who is always in need of care; Edward G. Robinson and his disrupting of a strict budget by his many purchases of fine and expensive paintings; Humphrey Bogart and his idea that he saves money by buying fish instead of steak and then going out the next day and buying a new car—of course, Humphrey has no conception of money, for recently he forgot all about owning a lot of stock; and Basil Rathbone and his super-elaborate parties, many costing a pretty penny.

And so the list goes. But before you condemn the stars for their odd ideas of economy, take a look at your own budget. You may be a bit surprised yourself!

Girl Who Ran Away From Happiness

[Continued from page 49]

housekeeping. She was a good cook, too, and on days when Charlie sold an article or she got a few days' work there would be thick steaks or broilers cooked out on the barbecue grill Charlie had rigged up in the garden and when the lean days came, which was often, she'd make stews and hash and have just as much fun out of it, too.

Sometimes, I wonder if it wouldn't have been much better for Gerda if she hadn't done the cute little trick dance in a ball room scene that brought her to the attention of the front office of one of the biggest studios.

It was only a bit part, but Gerda managed to put so much of herself in it that she took the scene away from even the star herself. She began getting better parts. There was a young freshness about her that made her in demand for ingenue parts. Whenever a college girl was wanted or a high school girl or a sub deb, it was Gerda the studios thought of and her fans thought of her as their kid sister and adored her. She looked about sixteen, though at that time she had passed her twentieth birthday by a good eight months.

Before the year was over she and Charlie had moved out of the bungalow into a small house of their own. She stopped going to bargain basements for her clothes or making them herself and got expensive imports from the smart specialty shops. And there were two well trained maids to do the work she had loved doing herself before.

Charlie was doing better, too. He was an assistant editor on the paper and in his spare time was writing a novel. But there wasn't so much spare time these days. Gerda was entertaining lavishly and the house was always full of guests. Of course, the gay young crowd of Hollywood was very much in evidence, but more and more Gerda was reaching out towards the people who could do her good. There were scenario writers who could build up her role in a picture, pub-

licity men who would lean her way in sending out copy to the papers, directors and executives to see that she got more and better parts.

So it wasn't surprising that she reached the top at last. Gerda was awfully excited when she started on her first starring role.

"Think of it," she said to me that day I interviewed her. "A year ago we'd be talking our heads off while we shelled peas or peeled potatoes or something. There wasn't a subject we didn't touch on and here I am scared to death to talk to you now that it's for publication. I didn't know being interviewed was so scarey. For Pete's sake make me glamourous, won't you? None of that nice, homey kitchen touch or anything like that. Let's see, just where did I go to finishing school anyway and should I make my father a banker or a doctor?"

But she wasn't really kidding for all her pretense. It was one of the hardest jobs I ever tackled writing a story about her that she would approve of. If only I could have done it the way Gerda really was, get that fine quality of hers down on paper, the way her eyes softened when she looked at Charlie, the way she had looked doing her housework in the little bungalow, her bright hair tied up in a blue ribbon, the way she'd nibble at the strawberries she was hulling for preserves, popping them in her mouth one after the other and laughing as she saw how few there were left and deciding to make a short cake for dessert instead. And I thought how sad it was, the way people have of growing away from themselves and becoming the kind of persons they think they want to be as I read the story I'd written, the story of a girl who really wasn't Gerda at all. But she loved it.

"Your story was swell," she said, grinning. "It sounds so grand and important and all I can't believe it's really me."

But the tragedy was that she did believe it.

It was just before the picture was finished that Gerda knew she was going to have a baby. Charlie came over for me that night and asked me to talk to Gerda.

"She's in a state," he said, and his eyes looked so hurt and unhappy that he didn't look like Charlie at all. "I was so excited when she told me about it, but Gerda's having hysterics. She doesn't want it."

Gerda met us at the door, her face swollen and red from crying and all the things I wanted to say froze on my lips as I looked at her. Her words came tumbling out of her twisted lips, resentful and harsh and it was awful listening to her and knowing it was Gerda who was talking.

"The worst thing of all is that it should have happened just now when I'm beginning to get somewhere," she said rebelliously. "The fans will love thinking of their pet ingenue as a mother, won't they? I'm finished before I ever really got started."

She had to turn down two offers in the next month. And she brooded so much that Charlie took her away from Hollywood. They rented their house and took another, smaller one far up on the coast near Monterey, next door to Charlie's

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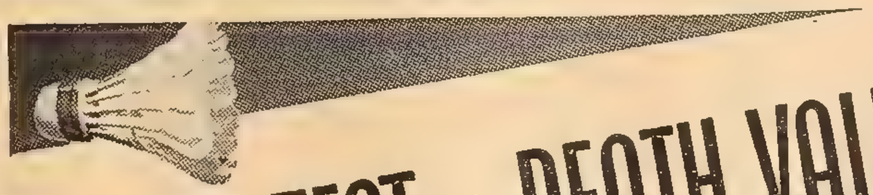

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sister. Gerda had refused to tell anyone about the baby or that she was going away and her sudden and unexplained absence became one of those mysteries that kept Hollywood guessing and speculating for a week. And then in the way Hollywood has of doing, it forgot her completely.

I'll never forget the week-end I went up to see them when her picture was playing at the small neighborhood theatre up there. Gerda sat through that picture tense and forlorn. It was almost as if she were shutting herself away from Charlie and from me and from the audience murmuring its approval of her.

I know it only made things harder for her knowing she had gone over so well and I saw her hands clench desperately in her lap as she sat there. But she didn't say anything at all when we came out. Gerda was trying awfully hard to adjust herself to the new pattern of her life.

But she couldn't do it. A few weeks later her son was born and I drove up to see her. The nurse had just brought the baby into Gerda's room and he was lying in the curve of her arm, his fuzzy little head pressing against her breast and there were tears in her eyes as she looked down at him.

Then suddenly she motioned the nurse to take him and she lay there, her eyes brooding.

"He's cute, isn't he?" she said after the nurse had carried him out of the room. "And I do love him, but sometimes the things he has cost me sweep over me and I feel myself hardening in spite of everything. You know I've done a lot of thinking in these months. And I've decided I'm going on just as if he hadn't come at all. Mary, she's Charlie's sister, you know, hasn't any children and she adores them and I'm going to let her take him and bring him up. After all I can do more for him if I'm a success, can't I? And he'll be much better off growing up in a real home atmosphere. Can you see me coming back to Hollywood with a baby? Why my rating with the studios and the fans would go down to zero."

I tried to laugh her out of that.

"Why don't you just be happy and stop struggling against yourself," I told her. "Do you know I don't think the fans care a hoot about all the things you think are so serious. Hollywood is too concerned about glamour and all that sort of thing and I have a sneaking hunch all the fans give a hoot about is whether or not a person can act."

Time, of course, was to prove me right. But Gerda couldn't see it at all then.

I didn't see much of Gerda in the next few years even though she came back to Hollywood. Sometimes, I felt like a fair weather friend not seeking her out oftener for Gerda wasn't doing so well anymore. But it made me unhappy when I was with her and Charlie, seeing the way things had changed between them. All the old camaraderie, the old tenderness was gone. They had become one of those bickering couples every one tries to avoid.

Charlie was the one who was doing well now. His novel had come out and it had made enough of a success to get him a scenario job. That was all Charlie needed, just a start. His pictures were the kind that made box-office history.

But you wouldn't think Gerda was the wife of a successful man who could give her anything in the world she wanted to see her scurrying around the studios trying to get any part at all. Something had happened to Gerda. Her buoyant youthfulness was gone. Gerda was bitter about that. She thought it was having the baby that had taken it away from her. But of course it wasn't. The fresh, young quality that had served her so well had gone with her happiness.

"I don't see how Charlie stands her," one of their friends said to me once. "Another man would have left her long ago."

But Charlie told me why he stayed, one evening he was driving me home after a particularly awful evening.

"You see I know the real Gerda is waiting somewhere," he said. "And I love her. She's the only woman who will ever matter to me. And sometime she'll come back again. I know that."

"Don't you think it might be a good idea to bring little Charlie home?" I suggested.

"It wouldn't be fair to him," the man said and, looking at his eyes, I saw the effort it cost him to say it. "Mary adores him and he's happy with her. And I don't know how happy he would be with us. Even now, when we go up to see him, Gerda is so restrained with him that the child feels uncomfortable. It's almost as if she's afraid to let herself go when she's around him. It's the boy I'm thinking of. Not Gerda."

But life has a way of settling things for itself and so in the end little Charlie did come home after all. It all came about when Mary's husband, who is an engineer, was offered a big job in China.

I'll never forget the day the boy came home. He was eight years old then and he was a boy any mother would adore. But Gerda forced herself to be aloof and impersonal.

"I hope you'll like living with your aunt and uncle," she said.

The boy didn't say anything for a minute and then I was appalled to see his eyes fill with tears.

"You're not my aunt," he said slowly. "You're my mother."

Gerda looked at him and I saw there was something in her eyes reaching out to the boy, something sweet and tender and maternal. But her mouth tightening in that straight line denied the things her eyes were saying.

"How could I be the mother of a great, big boy like you?" she laughed, looking apprehensively at the maid who had come into the room to announce lunch. "Why it's ridiculous. My name is Gerda. That's what I want you to call me. Gerda. Remember."

It's funny, but somehow I hadn't thought of how much older Gerda had grown to look until she said that. Now I could see how she had really changed and how all the ridiculous little subterfuges she had been using to hide that change only made her seem the older. She couldn't have been more than twenty-nine or thirty then, but the rinse she had been using on her hair had made it too bright so that it accentuated the circles

around her eyes and her too heavy make-up. And I saw Charlie looking at her and seeing the changes too and his eyes were as cynical as the smile playing about his lips. Then he turned to the boy.

"Come on, son," he said. "Let's go in and have some lunch."

After that Charlie tried to make up for Gerda's attitude towards the boy. But he couldn't. It was plain the child adored her. He reminded me of a lost kitten trying to ingratiate himself into a home. You know how beguiling a stray can be, how imploring and heartbreaking their eyes can look.

Little Charlie was that way, too. He'd hover around Gerda when he was with her and he would always be anticipating her wishes, bringing down her mules when her feet fidgeted in the way they always did when they were tired, bringing her a cigarette and lighting it before she could as much as reach out for the box on the table beside her, doing all the other, thoughtful little things that showed how he was thinking of her all the time and loving her.

And sometimes I'd see Gerda looking at the boy when she thought no one was noticing her and the old lost tenderness would be there in her eyes. Then quickly she would be on guard again and she'd laugh.

"Darling, you're sweet," she'd say to the boy then. "But run along and play, won't you? I have a million things to do."

Afterwards, she'd buy something for him and give it to him in a shy, almost shamefaced way. But, of course, that wasn't what the boy wanted. Gerda, generous to a fault in other things, refused to give that.

Then one day she drove over to see me and all the old excitement was in her eyes.

"What do you think," she cried before she'd even got out of her car. "I've been called for a test, tomorrow morning. It's the second lead, too. Isn't that exciting?"

But when she came into the living room I saw the fear in her eyes. The first thing she did was to go over to the mirror over the console table.

"I'm young," she said and there was something in her voice that told me she was trying to convince herself, that she had to convince herself. "I really don't look a day over twenty. Oh, it'll be fun being in a studio again. I hope there's dancing in the picture. Remember there was almost always dancing in my pictures?" And she went into one of her old intricate steps and it was amazing to see how young her feet still were and how they hadn't kept pace with her eyes or her mouth at all.

The telephone rang then and Charlie's voice answered mine when I took down the receiver.

"Charlie's been hurt," he said. "The grocery truck ran him down in the driveway. I'm with him at the Good Samaritan Hospital. You can tell Gerda if you think she may be interested."

It was his fear that made the resentment flare in his voice, I knew that. But my heart was heavy as I turned to Gerda. I didn't know how dangerous the boy's condition might be or if she would lose him or not. But I knew she had lost Charlie.

Of course, I didn't tell her what he had said, but I doubt if it would have made any difference if I had. Gerda stood there a woman turned to stone, a woman who couldn't feel or think. It was worse than if she had cried or become hysterical or said anything. Just standing there, numb, the way people will when their world has crashed.

I couldn't let her go like that and so I took her arm and led her to my own car.

Charlie met us at the door of the boy's room and I think he would have said a lot of things in his bitterness if the nurse hadn't motioned him to silence. Then as I stood outside the closed door I heard the boy's eager cry.

"Gerda."

That was all he said, all he needed to say to show how he had wanted her, had waited for her. Then I heard Gerda's voice. Only it didn't sound like hers at all, the way hers had been lately, I mean. It was tender and low and sweet, the way it used to be years ago.

"Darling, mother's here," she whispered.

The door opened and Charlie came out and behind his broad back I got that glimpse of Gerda on her knees beside the bed, her arms cradling the boy against her breast and I thought of that other time I had seen her hold him like that in the little hospital at Monterey.

All that night I waited with Charlie and Gerda and you know how long the waiting time can be in a hospital and how you see things you've never seen before, the different shades of a night sky and how the first morning light seems even more desolate than the blackness when you're afraid of the news it might bring and you're scared to face the brightness of the sun.

And Charlie pacing the floor and Gerda sitting there without moving and somehow looking the more desolate of the two and me tip-toeing out of the room when Charlie turned to her at last and kneeling before her held her close in his arms and sobbed as he buried his face in her dress.

Then the doctor came into the room and our fear became a living thing at the sight of him for during the night it was the nurses who had brought us the fragmentary messages from the sick room.

"Maybe. . . . if we operate," he said.

We waited until they had taken the boy into the operating room. Then Charlie suddenly turned to Gerda.

"You can't wait here," he said. "I want you to go to the studio and take that test."

"Oh, no. I couldn't." Gerda whispered and her hands went out pushing him away from her. But Charlie stood his ground.

"Listen," he said. "I know you, you're a trouper. And if you have any grit at all you'll do your job and be back here when the lad needs you. And he will need you. You know that."

It was his way of giving her hope and courage and all the things she needed and so Gerda gave them to him, too, by doing what he had asked as if she believed him and knew the boy would be waiting for her when she returned.

"You'll come with me, won't you?" she said when we got out to the car and that

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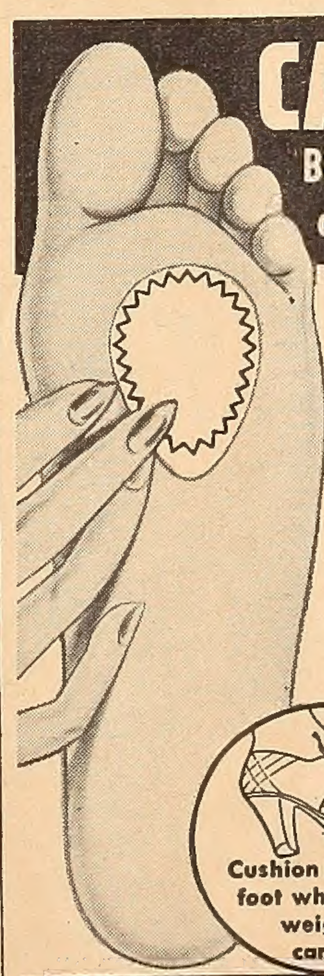

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was all either of us said on the long drive to the studio.

The camera was set up and the director was waiting when we got there.

"You're late," he said and then suddenly he looked at Gerda's face. "I knew I was right," he said exultantly and with the bare truthfulness of directors who never try to shield anyone's feelings where work is concerned. "They were afraid you were too young. But I knew you'd be right."

His words would have been a death blow at any other time, but they didn't seem to register with Gerda at all.

"Go light on the camouflage," he said to the make-up man standing beside him. "That's exactly the way I want her to look. You know the part is that of a woman of forty. A mother who's just heard her son has been sent to jail."

Gerda lifted her head then.

"I know how that woman feels," she said quietly.

You all must have seen Gerda in that scene, the scene that almost won her the Academy Award for a supporting player. But you didn't see it the way we saw it that day in the test, with our tears caught in our eyes and our throats as we watched Gerda tearing her heart into tiny pieces before all of us.

"She'll do," the front office verdict had been. "But tone the acting down a bit. She overplayed it a little."

It's as a mother studios think of Gerda to-day, but since that picture, the one that brought her success, she hasn't played any more tragic ones. You've all seen her as the tenement mother of a brood of ten or the Park Avenue mother with her adolescent sub-deb daughter or the farm or pioneer mother keeping a family together with her spirit and courage and in all of them she's been happy.

I don't think Gerda could play a tragic mother anymore. She looks too contented. For of all the happy mothers out here in Hollywood I don't think any of them is happier than Gerda when her eyes turn towards big Charlie and little Charlie. Though the way he's growing makes it sound silly to call him little Charlie now. He's grown almost as big as Gerda's heart.

Reviews

[Continued from page 67]

"collections" are exposed when the Governor, under the persuasion of his wife, turns honest. He, too, is spirited away to Latin America. Others in the cast are Muriel Angelus, Steffi Duna, William Demarest and Thurston Hall. It's good old robust comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges, and you're bound to like it.

THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER

THE AUDIENCE IS PART OF IT—*RKO*

THIS is the picture version of "The Drunkard," that grand old time melodrama of the gaslight era. The audience is invited to hiss the villain, cheer the hero, and laugh heartily at the "asides," whereby the actors whisper their secrets to the spectators. It's a field day for the actors as they are allowed to mug without restraint, and ham it all over the place. This is the first time this old-timer ever has been done on the screen and you're bound to enjoy the novelty of it, and also find it terribly amusing. Alan Mowbray plays the villain and gives it everything. Hugh Herbert plays a temperance crusader; Dick Cromwell and Anita Louise play the young couple whose lives are blighted by demon rum. Margaret Hamilton plays the mother and Joyce Compton the half-witted girl. Buster Keaton fairly walks away with the picture with a pie-throwing sequence.

SPORTING BLOOD

ROMANTIC AND EXCITING—*M-G-M*

ANOTHER horse racing picture, and a very good one. Robert Young plays a brash young man, the last of a fine old Virginia family, who travels around the country to the various racetracks, accompanied by his Man Friday, William Gargan. Flat-busted, at last, he decides to return to his Virginia plantation, where he hasn't been in twenty years, and where he is ostracized by the county because of an unfortunate amour of his father's. He falls in love with the wrong girl, marries her sister out of spite, when she runs out on him, and gets things pretty well balled up. But Maureen O'Sullivan, the girl he marries out of spite, really loves him, and thanks to her he wins the big race and ends the feud with his father-in-law. The racing scenes are extremely well done and have that old thrill. In the cast are Lewis Stone, Lynne Carver, and Clarence Muse.

WE WHO ARE YOUNG

WORTH A LONG WAIT IN LINE—*M-G-M*

IN this picture Lana Turner, who has been muchly exploited as Metro's oomph girl, takes off her glamourous trappings and turns in a very creditable serious performance. In fact, Artie Shaw's ex-wife is extremely good. But not quite as good as young John Shelton who turns out to be the real surprise of the picture. This is John's first break and as the struggling young bookkeeper, who, with high hopes and ideals, starts out to whip the big city, only to find that the city has whipped him, John is really something to write home about. The story is very reminiscent of "Bad Girl" of several years ago, and tells of the white collar boy and the office girl, who get married, have a baby, and must fight against every odd. Through all the annoyances that beset young married couples, doctor's bills, loan sharks, and relief, Lana and John troupe beautifully, giving a most excellent account of themselves. In the cast are Gene Lockhart, Henry Armetta and Grant Mitchell.

YOUNG PEOPLE

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S SWAN SONG—*20th Century-Fox*

THIS is Shirley Temple's last picture for 20th Century-Fox, as her contract is now up and has not been renewed, but it is by no means her last picture. Already Joe Pasternak of Universal (*the guiding genius of Deanna Durbin*) is talking over a new contract with little Miss Shirley. In this picture, Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood play a couple of vaudevillians who decide to retire to a farm in New England to make a home for their adopted child—Shirley, of course. Shirley has been with "the act" since she was a baby and has boosted her benefactors into the big time, so they now think they should do something in return for her. They find the country town they've settled in very narrow-minded, and they are ostracized by the villagers until they manage to save the lives of the native children in a hurricane. Awful corny stuff, that. George Montgomery and Arleen Whelan play the two young people in the town who befriend Shirley and her foster parents. Shirley dances, and sings, "I Wouldn't Take a Million" and "Young People."

A roadside snack for Joan Blondell and Dick Powell who appear together in "I Want A Divorce." Drive-in lunch stands are very popular on the coast.

QUEEN OF DESTINY

ANNA NEAGLE AS VICTORIA—*RKO*

"QUEEN OF DESTINY" was made as a sequel to "Victoria the Great" and in it Anna Neagle repeats her wonderful performance of Queen Victoria, and once more emphasizes the humanness of the woman. The picture was made in England in excellent Technicolor, and the shots of the royal gardens and estates, of Buckingham Palace, of King James' and Windsor Castle, are among the most beautiful you ever have seen. The film touches on major events in Victoria's life: Khartoum, Sebastopol, the World's Fair at the Crystal Palace, and the Diamond Jubilee. Although the picture was made three years ago, some of the dialogue is remarkably up-to-date, especially where Victoria laments the procrastination of her ministers. Anton Walbrook is excellent as Victoria's prince consort Albert, and the cast includes C. Aubrey Smith, Derrick de Marney, and Felix Aylmer.

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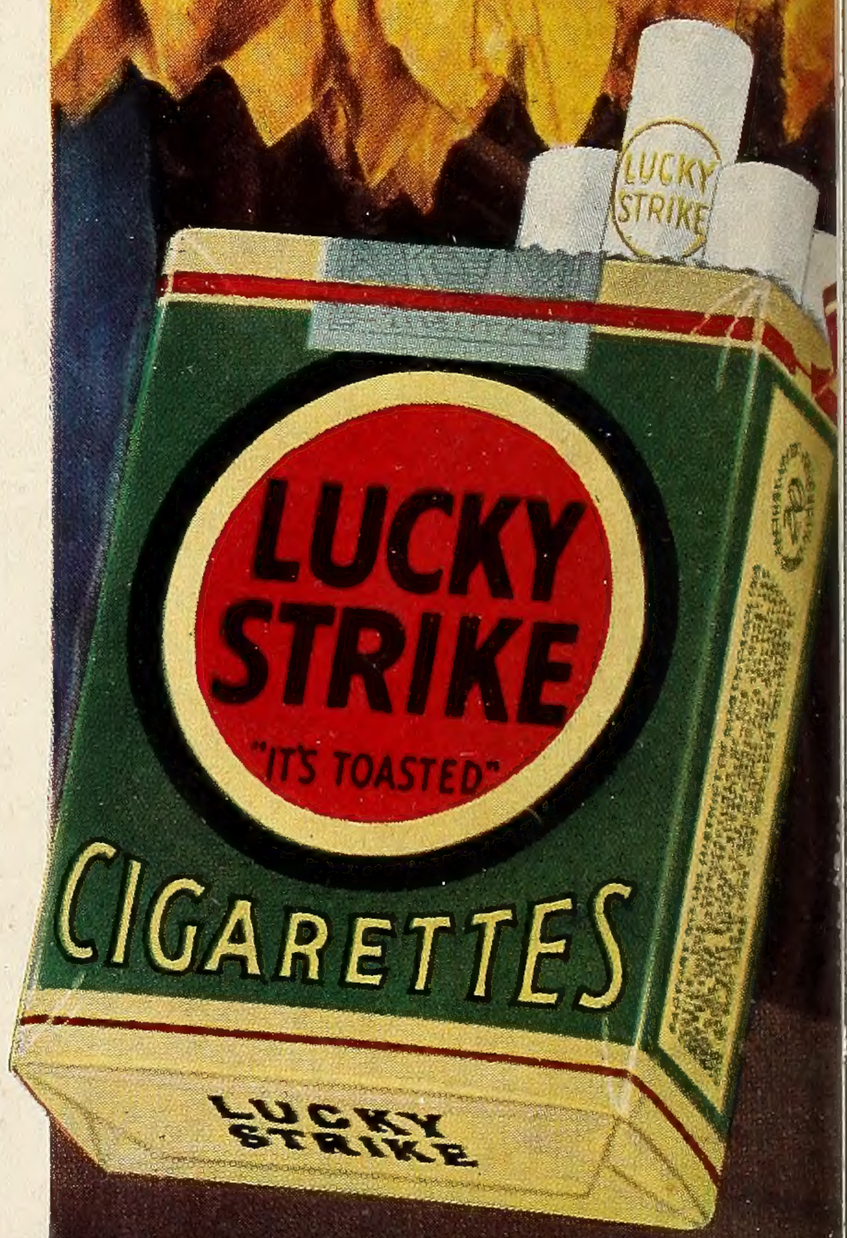

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